The Bridal Mystery of the Uncreated Sun VOLUME 3 of 4

Being the Gospel of the Holy Bride and the Lamb, according to the Hidden Wisdom of Apophatic Solar Sethianism

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Being the Gospel of the Holy Bride and the Lamb, according to the Hidden Wisdom of Apophatic Solar Sethianism.....1

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Reverend Moshe Reed

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All conditioned phenomena are like a dream, an illusion, a bubble, a shadow, like dew or a flash of lightning; thus should we perceive them.

Psalm LXIX

Blessed is the soul that beholdeth every creature as a hymn unto the Creator, for all creation shall join her everlasting praise.

The heavens

declare

Thy glory,

O Lord.

The firmament

proclaimeth

the work

of Thy hands.

The morning

awaketh

with thanksgiving.

The evening

resteth

in peace.

The stars

keep watch

through the night,

bearing silent witness

unto Thy Wisdom.

The rivers

flow,

not ceasing

their song.

The mountains

stand,

not ceasing

their praise.

The forests

lift

their countless branches

like hands

in prayer.

The fields

clothe themselves

with beauty,

rejoicing

before

their Maker.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Wisdom

is reflected

through every

created thing,

yet whose Being

remaineth

beyond

all creation.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

through whom

all things

were made,

and without whom

nothing

came into being

that hath been made.

Every beauty

borroweth

its splendour

from Thee.

Every harmony

borroweth

its order

from Thee.

Every goodness

borroweth

its life

from Thee.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to behold

the world

with grateful eyes.

Not to worship

the creature,

but to praise

the Creator.

Not to cling

unto passing beauty,

but to ascend

through beauty

unto the Source

of all beauty.

Let every sunrise

become

a psalm.

Every flower

a parable.

Every child

a reminder

of holy simplicity.

Every elder

a testimony

of perseverance.

Every season

a lesson

of Thy Providence.

Spring

shall remind me

of Resurrection.

Summer

of abundance.

Autumn

of thanksgiving.

Winter

of patient hope,

awaiting

the hidden life

that shall

appear again.

Thus

all creation

becometh

a holy book,

written

by Thy Wisdom,

read

by the humble,

understood

through Love.

Grant me

also

to become

a faithful steward

of the gifts

Thou hast entrusted

unto humanity.

Not wasting

what Thou hast made.

Not abusing

what Thou hast blessed.

Not ruling

through greed,

but serving

through gratitude.

For the earth

is the Lord's,

and all

that dwelleth therein.

One day,

creation

itself

shall be delivered

from corruption.

The wilderness

shall blossom.

The desert

shall rejoice.

The nations

shall walk

in peace.

The wolf

and the lamb

shall dwell

without fear.

The River of Life

shall renew

all things.

The Tree of Life

shall spread

its healing branches

over every nation.

The Holy City

shall shine

at the heart

of the New Creation.

Then shall

every bird,

every mountain,

every river,

every tree,

every creature,

visible

and invisible,

join

the everlasting hymn

of the redeemed.

The Bride

shall rejoice

with all creation

before

her Holy Bridegroom.

The holy angels

shall answer

with songs

of glory.

And all

that hath breath

shall proclaim

with one voice:

**Praise

the Lord.

Praise

the Invisible Father.

Praise

the Eternal Logos.

Praise

the Holy Spirit.

For His Love

endureth forever.

Amen.

Psalm LXX

Blessed is the soul that seeketh first the Kingdom of God, for all things needful shall be added unto her according to the wisdom of the Invisible Father.

Seek first,

O my soul,

the Kingdom

which cannot

be shaken.

Seek first

the righteousness

which fadeth not.

Seek first

the Pearl

of great price,

for having found It,

all lesser treasures

find

their proper place.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Kingdom

was before

the mountains,

before

the stars,

before

the holy Aeons,

and whose reign

shall continue

when every

earthly kingdom

hath become

a memory.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

King of kings,

yet servant

of all,

whose throne

is established

upon Love,

whose sceptre

is Justice,

whose crown

is Humility,

whose Kingdom

knoweth

no violence,

no corruption,

and no end.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to desire

Thy Kingdom

above

all earthly things.

Above

riches,

which perish.

Above

honour,

which passeth away.

Above

pleasure,

which endureth

but a moment.

Above

power,

which returneth

unto dust.

For what

shall it profit

a soul

to gain

the whole world,

if she

forget

her true inheritance?

Grant me

a single heart,

undivided

in devotion.

Let my treasure

be where

Thou dwellest.

Let my thoughts

rise often

unto Heaven.

Let my labour

serve

Thy Kingdom.

Let my words

proclaim

Thy Peace.

Let my hands

perform

Thy Mercy.

Let my feet

walk

the narrow way

which leadeth

unto Life.

When

the kingdoms

of this world

contend

for dominion,

let me remember

that Thy Kingdom

groweth quietly,

like seed

hidden

within the earth.

Like leaven

within the loaf.

Like dawn

before

the sunrise.

Its victories

are won

through forgiveness.

Its strength

is perfected

in humility.

Its greatness

is revealed

through service.

Its glory

is the Cross,

transformed

into the Tree

of Life.

Therefore

let Thy Kingdom

begin

within me.

Rule

my thoughts.

Govern

my desires.

Order

my affections.

Purify

my intentions.

That my soul

may become

a little province

of Thy everlasting reign.

Then,

wherever

I journey,

Thy Peace

shall accompany me.

Wherever

I labour,

Thy Love

shall be revealed.

Wherever

I suffer,

Thy Hope

shall remain.

Wherever

I rejoice,

Thy Praise

shall increase.

At last,

when

the trumpet

shall sound,

and every

earthly throne

shall pass away,

Thy Kingdom

alone

shall remain.

The Holy City

shall descend

in splendour.

The nations

shall walk

in Thy Light.

The River

of Life

shall flow

through the midst

of Paradise.

The Tree

of Life

shall shelter

all

the redeemed.

The Bride

shall rejoice

before

her Eternal Bridegroom,

and the Invisible Father

shall reign,

not over strangers,

but among

His beloved children,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Kingdom

is everlasting,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the King

of Eternal Peace,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who buildeth

the Kingdom

within every

faithful heart,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXI

Blessed is the soul that persevereth in holy obedience, for she shall delight forever in the perfect will of the Invisible Father.

Teach me,

O Lord,

to delight

in Thy will,

for Thy commandments

are not

a burden,

but the path

of Life.

The world

seeketh

its own desire,

yet findeth

restlessness.

The proud

follow

their own counsel,

yet wander

without peace.

But the soul

that yieldeth

herself

unto Thee

findeth

a freedom

which no chain

can bind.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose holy will

is perfect,

whose wisdom

cannot err,

whose providence

ordereth

all things

according

to Love.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who didst say,

**"Not My will,

but Thine,

be done."**

In Gethsemane

Thou didst

embrace

the Father's will

through tears,

through agony,

and through

perfect obedience.

By Thy surrender

the world

received

its salvation.

Teach me,

therefore,

to obey

as Thou

didst obey.

Not with

reluctance,

but with joy.

Not through

fear,

but through love.

Not seeking

myself,

but seeking

the glory

of the Invisible Father.

When

Thy will

leadeth

through pleasant fields,

let me

give thanks.

When

Thy will

leadeth

through dark valleys,

let me

still trust.

When

I understand,

let me

obey.

When

I understand not,

let me

still obey.

For Thy Wisdom

seeth

what mine eyes

cannot behold.

Thou knowest

the end

from the beginning.

Thou leadest

every faithful soul

toward

the everlasting Kingdom.

Grant me,

O Lord,

an obedient heart.

Quick

to hear.

Slow

to resist.

Ready

to serve.

Eager

to forgive.

Patient

to endure.

Faithful

unto the end.

Let my obedience

never become

mere habit,

but always

the joyful offering

of love

unto my Beloved.

For Love

delighteth

to please

the One

whom it loveth.

Thus

every commandment

becometh

a song.

Every duty

becometh

a privilege.

Every sacrifice

becometh

an offering

of joy.

Then shall

my life

become

a living

Amen

unto Thy holy will.

At last,

when

the pilgrimage

is ended,

I shall behold

that every path

wherein

Thou didst lead me

was ordered

by Thy Mercy.

Every delay

was wisdom.

Every trial

was purification.

Every blessing

was grace.

Every sorrow

was transformed

into everlasting joy.

Then shall

I rejoice

perfectly

within

the will

of the Invisible Father.

The Holy Bridegroom

shall receive

His faithful Bride.

The Holy Spirit

shall fill

every heart

with peace.

And Love

shall reign

without resistance,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose holy will

is everlasting goodness,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the perfectly obedient

Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who inclineth

the faithful heart

unto righteousness,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXII

Blessed is the soul that walketh in humility before God, for she shall be exalted in the everlasting Kingdom of Christ.

Who am I,

O Lord,

that Thou

shouldst remember me?

What is man,

that Thou

shouldst visit him?

I am

dust,

yet Thou

hast breathed

into me

the breath

of life.

I am

frail,

yet Thou

hast upheld me

by Thy strength.

I am

poor,

yet Thou

hast enriched me

with Thy Grace.

Therefore

let my soul

never boast

save in Thee.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

who resistest

the proud,

yet givest

grace

unto the humble.

Thou delightest

not

in lofty speech,

nor in

earthly greatness,

but in

the quiet heart

that trusteth

in Thy Mercy.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who,

though equal

in glory

with the Father,

didst empty

Thyself,

taking

the form

of a servant,

washing

the feet

of Thy disciples,

and humbling

Thyself

unto death,

even death

upon the Cross.

In Thy humility

is revealed

the greatness

of Divine Love.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

the blessed way

of lowliness.

Let me

seek not

the highest seat,

but the lowest.

Let me

desire not

to be praised,

but to be faithful.

Let me

labour,

not to be seen,

but to serve.

Let me

rejoice,

not when

I am honoured,

but when

Thy Name

is glorified.

Keep me,

O Lord,

from

the hidden pride

that seeketh

recognition.

From

the subtle vanity

that desireth

admiration.

From

the secret ambition

that forgetteth

the Cross.

Instead,

grant me

the humility

of the saints,

who considered

every grace

a gift,

every virtue

a mercy,

and every good work

the fruit

of Thy Spirit.

If another

be praised,

let me rejoice.

If another

prosper,

let me give thanks.

If another

surpass me,

let me bless

Thy goodness

within him.

For envy

hath no place

within

the Kingdom

of Love.

Grant me

also

the humility

to receive

correction,

to confess

my faults,

to seek

forgiveness,

and to learn

with gladness.

For the humble

heart

groweth always,

while pride

imprisoneth

itself.

At the end

of my pilgrimage,

when every

earthly honour

hath vanished,

I desire

only this:

to hear

the gentle Voice

of my Holy Bridegroom.

Then

shall every crown

be cast

before His feet.

Every saint

shall confess

that all glory

belongeth

unto God alone.

The lowly

shall be lifted up.

The meek

shall inherit

the New Creation.

The humble

shall shine

with the beauty

of Christ.

For the Invisible Father

delighteth

to exalt

those

who humbled

themselves

in love.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Majesty

is revealed

through humility,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Servant-King,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who adorneth

the meek

with everlasting grace,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXIII

Blessed is the soul that seeketh holy wisdom above earthly knowledge, for she shall behold the mysteries of God with the eyes of love.

Grant unto me,

O Lord,

not merely

knowledge,

but Wisdom.

For knowledge

alone

may fill

the mind,

yet Wisdom

illumineth

the whole soul.

Knowledge

numbereth

the stars.

Wisdom

beholdeth

the hand

that fashioned them.

Knowledge

discovereth

the order

of creation.

Wisdom

worshippeth

the Creator.

Knowledge

may speak

with many words.

Wisdom

knoweth

when silence

is praise.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

the Fountain

of all Wisdom,

whose thoughts

are higher

than the heavens,

whose judgments

are unsearchable,

whose ways

are filled

with perfect Love.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

in whom

are hidden

all the treasures

of Wisdom

and Truth.

Thou hast revealed

the greatest

of mysteries,

not unto

the proud,

but unto

the little ones,

whose hearts

are open

unto Thy Grace.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to seek

understanding

with humility.

Let me

never imagine

that learning

alone

bringeth me

nearer

unto Thee.

For many

know

much,

yet love

little.

But one

who loveth

Thee

with a pure heart

is wiser

than those

who boast

in earthly

understanding.

Grant me

the wisdom

to discern

truth

from falsehood.

Light

from darkness.

Humility

from pride.

The eternal

from the passing.

The voice

of the Shepherd

from the voices

of strangers.

May Thy Holy Spirit

guide

my thoughts,

that I may

judge

with mercy,

speak

with gentleness,

and act

with charity.

Let Wisdom

shape

my words.

Let Wisdom

govern

my desires.

Let Wisdom

direct

my steps.

For true Wisdom

is not

merely known;

it is lived.

It forgiveth.

It serveth.

It endureth.

It rejoiceth

in Truth.

It delighteth

in Love.

When mysteries

remain hidden,

let me

wait patiently.

When questions

remain unanswered,

let me

trust faithfully.

For Thou

revealest

each thing

in its season,

and every truth

is given

according

to Thy perfect

Providence.

One day,

the veils

shall be removed.

The hidden

shall become

manifest.

The scattered

fragments

of understanding

shall become

one glorious

Vision.

The saints

shall behold

Perfect Wisdom,

not as

a distant idea,

but as

the living Christ,

their Eternal

Bridegroom.

The Holy City

shall shine

with uncreated

Light.

The River

of Life

shall flow

from the Throne.

The Tree

of Life

shall yield

its fruit

without end.

And every

faithful soul

shall know,

even

as she

is known,

rejoicing forever

in the inexhaustible

Wisdom

of the Invisible Father,

revealed

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Source

of everlasting Wisdom,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Wisdom

of God,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who enlighteneth

every faithful heart,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXIV

Blessed is the soul that keepeth her lamp burning before the Lord, for she shall enter with joy when the Eternal Bridegroom cometh.

Keep awake,

O my soul,

for thou knowest not

the hour

wherein

the Lord

shall appear.

Let not

thy lamp

grow dim.

Let not

its oil

be exhausted.

Let not

the sleep

of forgetfulness

overcome thee.

For the night

is passing,

and the Day

draweth near.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

who watchest

unceasingly

over Thy children,

whose eyes

never close,

whose mercy

never slumbereth,

whose providence

guideth

every faithful soul

through the darkness

unto the everlasting Light.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who hast promised

to return

in glory,

bringing

the fullness

of Thy Kingdom,

that Thy Bride

may rejoice

forever

in Thy Presence.

Teach me,

therefore,

to live

each day

as though

it were

my last

upon earth,

and the first

of eternity.

Let me

delay not

in repentance.

Let me

delay not

in forgiveness.

Let me

delay not

in charity.

Let me

delay not

in prayer.

For every hour

is precious,

and every moment

is entrusted

unto me

by Thy Mercy.

Grant me,

O Lord,

the oil

of steadfast faith.

The oil

of joyful hope.

The oil

of enduring love.

The oil

of patient perseverance.

The oil

of humble obedience.

Thus shall

my lamp

shine brightly,

not by

mine own strength,

but by

the grace

of Thy Holy Spirit.

When weariness

draweth near,

renew me.

When distraction

scattereth

my thoughts,

gather me

unto Thyself.

When temptation

would extinguish

the flame,

breathe anew

upon it

with Thy Living Spirit.

For I desire

to be found

watching,

not sleeping;

serving,

not delaying;

loving,

not fearing;

ready,

not ashamed,

when Thou

comest.

Then shall

the cry

be heard:

**"Behold,

the Bridegroom

cometh;

go ye forth

to meet Him."**

The lamps

of the faithful

shall shine.

The doors

of the Bridal Chamber

shall be opened.

The wise

shall enter

with songs

of rejoicing.

The Marriage Feast

shall begin,

never

to end.

There

the Holy Bridegroom

shall embrace

His beloved.

The Holy Spirit

shall fill

every heart

with everlasting gladness.

The Invisible Father

shall rejoice

over His children

with infinite Love.

Night

shall be

remembered

no more.

Only

the everlasting Day,

the everlasting Feast,

the everlasting Communion,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who prepareth

the eternal banquet,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the coming

Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who keepeth

the lamps

of the faithful

ever burning,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXV

Blessed is the soul that beareth the fruit of the Holy Spirit, for she shall become a living branch of the Eternal Vine and shall abide forever in the Love of Christ.

Abide

in me,

O Lord,

and let me

abide

in Thee.

For apart

from Thee,

my soul

is as

a branch

cut off,

unable

to bear

the fruit

of Life.

But united

unto Thee,

the Eternal Vine,

every season

bringeth forth

the sweetness

of Thy Grace.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

the Divine Husbandman,

who tendest

every branch

with perfect Wisdom.

Thou prunest,

not to destroy,

but to heal.

Thou cuttest away

what hindereth,

that Love

may flourish

more abundantly.

Even Thy discipline

is mercy,

for it seeketh

the fullness

of life.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

True Vine

of everlasting Life,

whose sap

is the Holy Spirit,

whose roots

reach

into the infinite

Love

of the Father,

whose branches

embrace

every faithful soul.

Teach me,

therefore,

to remain

steadfast

within Thee.

When trials

come,

let me

not wither.

When success

cometh,

let me

not become proud.

When sorrow

visiteth,

let my roots

descend

more deeply

into Thy Mercy.

When joy

overfloweth,

let my fruit

become

more abundant.

Grant unto me,

O Holy Spirit,

the fruit

that glorifieth

the Father.

Let love

be the root

of every thought.

Let joy

shine

through every trial.

Let peace

guard

my heart.

Let patience

strengthen

my endurance.

Let kindness

soften

my speech.

Let goodness

guide

my deeds.

Let faithfulness

preserve

my covenant.

Let gentleness

comfort

the weary.

Let self-control

govern

my desires.

May every fruit

grow together,

for none

is complete

without the others.

Let my life

become

a vineyard

pleasing

unto Thee,

whose harvest

bringeth nourishment

unto many souls.

If another

be hungry,

let them

find kindness

within me.

If another

be sorrowful,

let them

find peace.

If another

be fearful,

let them

find hope.

If another

seek Christ,

let them

behold

His reflection

within

my humble life.

For the branch

beareth fruit,

not for itself,

but for others,

unto the glory

of the Divine Husbandman.

At the end

of the harvest,

the faithful

shall be gathered

into Thy Kingdom.

The Vineyard

shall stretch

throughout

the New Creation.

The River of Life

shall water

every branch.

The Tree of Life

shall overshadow

every garden.

The Bride

shall rejoice

within

the Vineyard

of her Eternal Bridegroom.

There

every fruit

shall remain

forever fresh.

Every blossom

shall never fade.

Every season

shall be

an everlasting spring.

The Holy Spirit

shall fill

all things

with Divine Life,

and the Invisible Father

shall delight

forever

in the fruit

of His redeemed.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Divine Husbandman,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the True Vine,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who bringeth forth

every holy fruit

within the faithful,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXVI

Blessed is the soul that seeketh the Face of God above every created thing, for she shall be filled forever with the Light of His Countenance.

One thing

do I seek,

O Lord.

One thing

do I desire.

Not the riches

that fade.

Not the honours

that pass away.

Not the pleasures

that vanish

like the morning mist.

But Thy Face.

Let me behold

Thy Countenance,

for in Thy Light

all darkness

is scattered,

and in Thy Presence

every longing

findeth

its fulfillment.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Face

no mortal eye

can behold

in its fullness,

yet whose Love

is revealed

through

the Eternal Logos,

that Thy children

might know Thee

and live.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the radiant Image

of the Invisible Father,

the Brightness

of His Glory,

the perfect Revelation

of His Love.

Whoever

beholdeth Thee

beholdeth

the Father's Heart.

Whoever

abideth in Thee

walketh already

in the Light

of eternity.

Turn,

therefore,

Thy Face

toward me,

O Lord.

Not because

I deserve

such mercy,

but because

Thou delightest

to show compassion

unto the humble.

Lift upon me

the Light

of Thy Countenance,

and let my soul

be at peace.

When fear

surroundeth me,

let me seek

Thy Face.

When joy

overfloweth,

let me seek

Thy Face.

When temptation

draweth near,

let me seek

Thy Face.

When silence

covereth my prayer,

let me still

seek

Thy Face.

For the soul

that seeketh

Thee sincerely

is never

turned away.

Remove,

O Lord,

every veil

that hindereth

my vision.

The veil

of pride.

The veil

of resentment.

The veil

of distraction.

The veil

of selfish desire.

Purify

the eyes

of my heart,

that I may

discern

Thy Presence

within

every act

of goodness,

every word

of truth,

every work

of mercy,

and every breath

of Thy Holy Spirit.

For all

that is beautiful

pointeth

unto Thy Beauty.

All

that is true

reflecteth

Thy Truth.

All

that is good

proceedeth

from Thy Goodness.

Yet none

of these

is Thee.

Thou alone

art the Source,

the Fulness,

the Infinite One,

beyond

all created splendor,

yet nearer

unto me

than my own breath.

One day,

faith

shall become

Vision.

The hidden

shall become

manifest.

The longing

of the pilgrim

shall become

the joy

of the citizen

of Heaven.

The Bride

shall behold

the Face

of her Eternal Bridegroom.

The saints

shall shine

in the Light

of His Countenance.

The angels

shall rejoice

without ceasing.

The Holy City

shall be filled

with the Glory

of God,

and the Lamb

shall be

its everlasting Light.

Then shall

my search

be ended,

yet my wonder

shall never cease.

For throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

I shall behold

ever more deeply

the infinite Beauty

of the Invisible Father,

revealed

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXVII

Blessed is the soul that remembereth the mighty works of God, for remembrance strengtheneth faith and prepareth the heart for everlasting praise.

I will remember,

O Lord,

the wonders

Thou hast wrought.

I will not

forget

Thy mercies,

nor allow

the passing years

to cover

the memory

of Thy goodness.

For remembrance

is the lamp

of hope,

and gratitude

is its flame.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose mighty works

fill

the heavens

and the earth,

whose wisdom

ordereth

every age,

whose providence

guideth

every faithful soul

unto the Kingdom

prepared

from the foundation

of the world.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who hast revealed

the Father's mercy

through

Thy holy life,

Thy saving Cross,

and Thy glorious Resurrection.

Thou hast remembered

the forgotten.

Thou hast sought

the wandering.

Thou hast healed

the broken.

Thou hast forgiven

the repentant.

Thou hast welcomed

the outcast.

Thou hast conquered

death,

that life

might reign forever.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to remember

Thy faithfulness

in every season.

When fear

ariseth,

let me remember

Thy deliverance.

When sorrow

visiteth,

let me remember

Thy consolation.

When doubt

draweth near,

let me remember

Thy promises.

When I stumble,

let me remember

Thy forgiveness.

When I rejoice,

let me remember

that every blessing

floweth

from Thy hand.

Let not

my heart

become forgetful,

as though

I had walked

alone.

For Thou

wast with me

before

I knew Thee.

Thou didst

preserve me

when I was unaware.

Thou didst

guide me

through dangers

unseen.

Thou didst

answer prayers

I scarcely knew

how to utter.

How many mercies,

O Lord,

have I received

without knowing?

How many deliverances

have passed

before my eyes

unrecognized?

Therefore,

open

the book

of remembrance

within my soul,

that gratitude

may increase

with every passing day.

May I remember

the saints

who have taught me,

the faithful

who have encouraged me,

the poor

who have humbled me,

the sorrowful

who have taught me

compassion,

and every soul

through whom

Thy Love

hath touched

my life.

For all

good gifts

return

unto Thee.

One day,

when the story

of this age

is complete,

every hidden work

of Thy Providence

shall be revealed.

Then shall

I behold

how Thy hand

was guiding

every step.

Every trial

shall reveal

its purpose.

Every delay

its wisdom.

Every sorrow

its hidden grace.

Every joy

its foretaste

of Heaven.

Then shall

my remembrance

be transformed

into everlasting praise.

The Bride

shall recount

forever

the mercies

of her Eternal Bridegroom.

The saints

shall proclaim

the mighty works

of God.

The angels

shall rejoice

over His perfect Wisdom.

And all creation

shall confess

that every age

hath been

held

within

the infinite Love

of the Invisible Father,

revealed

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXVIII

Blessed is the soul that teacheth the generations the works of God, for her testimony shall endure when kingdoms have passed away.

I shall not

hide

Thy wonders,

O Lord,

from those

who come

after me.

What Thou

hast spoken,

I shall proclaim.

What Thou

hast revealed,

I shall preserve.

What Thou

hast entrusted,

I shall hand on

with reverence,

that another generation

may also

know

the goodness

of the Lord.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Truth

is not confined

unto one age,

but endureth

through every generation,

whose Mercy

is renewed

every morning,

whose Covenant

standeth

when the kingdoms

of the earth

have become dust.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the faithful Teacher,

who didst command

Thy disciples

to make disciples

of all nations,

teaching them

to observe

all that

Thou hast commanded,

that Thy Gospel

might continue

until

the end

of the age.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to become

a faithful witness.

Not seeking

my own glory,

but Thine.

Not proclaiming

my own wisdom,

but Thy Truth.

Not gathering

followers

unto myself,

but leading souls

unto Christ.

Grant

that my words

may be gentle,

yet steadfast.

My teaching

humble,

yet true.

My life

consistent

with the Gospel

which I proclaim.

For doctrine

without charity

becometh

an empty sound,

and knowledge

without holiness

beareth

little fruit.

May those

who behold

my life

see,

however dimly,

the reflection

of my Holy Bridegroom.

Teach me

also

to listen,

for every generation

receiveth

new mercies

from Thy hand.

The children

shall praise

with fresh voices.

The elders

shall testify

through long faithfulness.

The little ones

shall reveal

the simplicity

of the Kingdom.

The aged

shall reveal

the patience

of hope.

Thus

the Body

of Christ

is strengthened,

each member

serving another

through love.

Let not

the memory

of Thy mighty works

be lost

through neglect.

Let homes

become

places

of prayer.

Let tables

become

places

of thanksgiving.

Let parents

teach

their children.

Let teachers

form

their students.

Let friends

encourage

one another.

Let the Church

continue

to proclaim

the Eternal Logos

until

every nation

hath heard

the invitation

of the Kingdom.

One day,

the generations

shall gather

as one.

Those

who taught,

and those

who learned.

Those

who sowed,

and those

who reaped.

Those

who suffered,

and those

who believed

because

of their witness.

All shall rejoice

before

the Throne

of the Invisible Father.

The Bride

shall stand,

complete,

gathered

from every century,

every language,

every people,

and every land.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

over the fullness

of the harvest.

The Eternal Logos

shall receive

the fruit

of His labour.

The Holy Spirit

shall unite

every faithful soul

in everlasting communion.

And the testimony

of God's Love

shall never cease,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXIX

Blessed is the soul that waiteth with steadfast patience for the fulfillment of the promises of God, for she shall inherit everlasting joy.

I shall wait

for Thee,

O Lord,

with a quiet heart.

Not because

Thou art slow,

but because

Thy Wisdom

appointeth

every season.

The seed

waiteth

beneath the earth.

The dawn

waiteth

beyond the night.

The harvest

waiteth

for its fullness.

Even so,

my soul

waiteth

for Thee.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose purposes

cannot fail,

whose promises

cannot be broken,

whose faithfulness

endureth

through every generation.

What Thou

hast spoken,

Thou shalt perform.

What Thou

hast begun,

Thou shalt complete.

What Thou

hast promised,

Thou shalt fulfill.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who art

the Faithful

and True,

whose every word

standeth forever,

whose mercy

never faileth,

whose Kingdom

draweth ever nearer.

Teach me,

therefore,

the holy virtue

of patience.

Not the patience

of resignation,

but the patience

of hope.

Not the waiting

of despair,

but the waiting

of joyful expectation.

For the farmer

waiteth

for the precious fruit

of the earth.

The watchman

waiteth

for the morning.

The Bride

waiteth

for the Bridegroom.

Thus

let my soul

wait

for Christ.

When prayers

remain unanswered,

let me wait.

When sorrows

linger,

let me wait.

When justice

seemeth delayed,

let me wait.

When understanding

is hidden,

let me wait.

For Thy silence

is never

forgetfulness.

Thy delay

is never

absence.

Thy hiddenness

is never

abandonment.

Thou workest

even when

mine eyes

cannot perceive

Thy hand.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that hope

may strengthen

my waiting.

Let faith

preserve

my heart.

Let charity

occupy

my hands.

Let prayer

fill

my hours.

That while

I await

the fullness

of Thy Kingdom,

I may already

live

as a citizen

thereof.

Then,

when the hour

appointed

by Thy Wisdom

hath come,

every waiting

shall cease.

Every promise

shall blossom.

Every longing

shall be fulfilled.

The Holy City

shall descend.

The River of Life

shall flow.

The Tree of Life

shall spread

its healing branches.

The Bride

shall behold

her Eternal Bridegroom.

The saints

shall rejoice

without weariness.

The holy angels

shall sing

without ceasing.

The Invisible Father

shall welcome

His beloved children

into everlasting Peace.

Then shall

I understand

that not

one moment

of faithful waiting

was wasted,

for every hour

was preparing

my soul

for the infinite Joy

which no eye

had seen,

nor ear

had heard,

nor heart

fully imagined.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose promises

are forever sure,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Faithful

and True,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who strengtheneth

the hearts

of those

who wait,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXX

Blessed is the soul that is gathered into the one Fold of Christ, for she shall dwell forever beneath the care of the Good Shepherd.

Shepherd

of Israel,

hear me.

Thou

who leadest

Thy people

like a flock,

turn

Thine eyes

once more

toward

Thy children.

Seek

those

who wander.

Strengthen

those

who grow weary.

Heal

those

who are wounded.

Carry

those

who can

no longer

walk.

For there

is none

like unto Thee,

O Good Shepherd.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

who hast never

ceased

to seek

Thy children,

even when

they wandered

far

from the path

of Life.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Good Shepherd,

who knowest

every sheep

by name,

whose Voice

the faithful

recognize,

whose staff

comforteth,

whose rod

protecteth,

whose shoulders

bear

the lost

back home

with rejoicing.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to hear

Thy Voice

above

every other voice.

For many

call,

yet only

Thou

speakest

the words

of everlasting Life.

Many paths

appear

pleasant,

yet only

Thy way

leadeth

unto

the Father's House.

When I

begin

to wander,

call me

back.

When I

become

afraid,

draw near

unto me.

When I

fall,

lift me

upon

Thy shoulders.

When I

grow proud,

humble me

with gentleness.

When I

grow weary,

let me

rest

beside

the quiet waters

of Thy Peace.

Grant also,

O Lord,

that I

may care

for others

as Thou

hast cared

for me.

Let me

not despise

the wandering,

but seek them.

Let me

not condemn

the fallen,

but restore them.

Let me

not overlook

the lonely,

but welcome them.

For every soul

is precious

unto

the Shepherd

who laid down

His Life

for the flock.

Gather,

O Christ,

all Thy sheep

into one Fold.

Break down

every wall

of hatred.

Heal

every division

caused

by pride.

Unite

all faithful hearts

through

truth,

charity,

and humility,

that there

may be

one flock

and one Shepherd.

Then,

at last,

the wilderness

shall be

left behind.

The wolves

shall threaten

no more.

The lost

shall be found.

The wounded

shall be healed.

The scattered

shall be gathered.

The Holy City

shall become

the everlasting pasture

of Thy redeemed.

The River of Life

shall refresh

every soul.

The Tree of Life

shall cast

its healing shade

over every nation.

The Lamb,

who is

the Shepherd,

shall lead

His people

unto springs

of living water,

and the Invisible Father

shall wipe away

every tear

from their eyes.

Then shall

the whole Fold

rejoice

before

its Eternal Shepherd,

and the song

of the redeemed

shall never cease,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXXI

Blessed is the soul that hearkeneth unto the Voice of the Eternal Logos, for she shall walk in the paths of Life and shall never be led astray.

Speak,

O Lord,

for Thy servant

heareth.

Let not

mine ears

be filled

with the noise

of this passing age,

but with

the quiet

and living Voice

which proceedeth

from the Eternal Logos.

Many voices

cry aloud.

Many teachers

contend.

Many promises

are offered.

Yet only

one Voice

calleth

the dead

unto Life,

the sinner

unto repentance,

the weary

unto rest,

and the Bride

unto her Beloved.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose eternal Word

never returneth

void,

but accomplisheth

all that

Thou hast purposed.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

whose sheep

know Thy Voice,

whose words

are Spirit

and Life,

whose Gospel

is sweeter

than honey

and more precious

than gold.

Teach me,

therefore,

to listen

before I speak.

To understand

before I judge.

To receive

before I answer.

To obey

before I question.

For Thy Wisdom

is perfect,

and Thy commandments

are freedom

unto the faithful.

When pride

would make me

deaf,

humble me.

When fear

would drown out

Thy Voice,

comfort me.

When the world

would distract me,

gather

my scattered heart

unto Thyself.

When falsehood

seeketh

to imitate

the truth,

grant me

discernment,

that I may

know

the Shepherd's Voice

and follow

none other.

Let Thy Word

dwell richly

within me.

May it

shape

my thoughts,

govern

my speech,

guide

my hands,

strengthen

my resolve,

and purify

my heart.

Let me

meditate

upon Thy sayings

in the morning,

remember them

at midday,

and rest

in them

when evening

draweth near.

For Thy Word

is a lamp

unto my feet,

and a light

unto my path.

Though valleys

be dark,

Thy Voice

shall lead me.

Though storms

arise,

Thy Voice

shall calm me.

Though death

approach,

Thy Voice

shall awaken me

unto everlasting Life.

Grant also,

O Lord,

that my own voice

may become

an instrument

of Thy Peace.

Let me

speak

truth

without cruelty.

Mercy

without compromise.

Wisdom

without pride.

Correction

without anger.

Encouragement

without flattery.

That those

who hear me

may hear,

however faintly,

an echo

of the Eternal Logos.

Then,

when

the final trumpet

shall sound,

I shall hear

once more

the Voice

which first

called me

unto Life.

It shall call

the sleeping

from their graves,

the faithful

unto glory,

and the Bride

unto the everlasting

embrace

of her Holy Bridegroom.

The Holy City

shall rejoice.

The saints

shall answer

with songs

of praise.

The angels

shall proclaim

the triumph

of the Lamb.

And the Invisible Father

shall delight

in His gathered children,

who have heard

the Voice

of the Eternal Logos

and followed Him

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXXII

Blessed is the soul that hungereth and thirsteth after Divine Justice, for she shall rejoice when righteousness filleth the New Creation.

Judge me,

O Lord,

according

to Thy Mercy,

and establish

within me

the righteousness

which cometh

from Thee.

For I desire

not

the justice

of vengeance,

but the justice

of Love.

Not

the triumph

of power,

but the victory

of Truth.

Not

the condemnation

of my neighbour,

but the restoration

of every soul

that turneth

unto Thee.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose judgments

are perfect,

whose justice

is never

separated

from mercy,

whose holiness

is clothed

with compassion,

and whose throne

is founded

upon everlasting Love.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Righteous Judge,

who discernest

the secrets

of every heart,

yet delightest

to forgive

the penitent

and to raise

the fallen.

Thou hast shown

that true justice

restoreth

what hatred

would destroy.

Thou hast taught

that mercy

fulfilleth

the Law,

and that Love

is its perfect

completion.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to hunger

for righteousness,

not only

within the world,

but first

within

my own soul.

Judge

my pride,

that humility

may flourish.

Judge

my anger,

that peace

may reign.

Judge

my selfishness,

that charity

may abound.

Judge

my falsehood,

that truth

may dwell

within me.

For the Kingdom

beginneth

not with

the correction

of others,

but with

the conversion

of the heart.

Grant unto me

the courage

to defend

the weak,

to comfort

the afflicted,

to speak

for those

whose voices

are ignored,

to uphold

truth

without cruelty,

and mercy

without compromise.

Let me

never delight

in punishment,

but always

in restoration.

Never rejoice

at another's fall,

but rejoice

when one sinner

returneth

unto Life.

For this

is the joy

of Heaven.

When I behold

injustice,

let me

not despair.

For Thy throne

remaineth.

When I behold

violence,

let me

not lose hope.

For Thy Peace

draweth near.

When I behold

falsehood,

let me

cling

more firmly

unto Thy Truth.

For every lie

shall vanish,

but Thy Word

abideth forever.

One day,

the Judge

of all

shall appear,

not to establish

a kingdom

of fear,

but to reveal

the fullness

of His Justice,

wherein

Mercy

and Truth

have embraced,

and Peace

and Righteousness

have kissed.

Then shall

every wrong

be made right.

Every wound

be healed.

Every tear

be wiped away.

The oppressed

shall rejoice.

The meek

shall inherit

the earth.

The faithful

shall shine

like the sun

within

the Kingdom

of their Father.

The Holy City

shall stand

forever

as the dwelling

of perfect Justice,

perfect Peace,

and perfect Love.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose righteousness

endureth forever,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Righteous Judge

and Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who reneweth

all hearts

in holiness,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXXIII

Blessed is the soul that walketh in perfect charity, for Love is the fulfillment of every commandment and the eternal joy of the Pleroma.

Beloved Lord,

teach me

to love.

Not

with words

alone,

nor with

passing affection,

but with

the steadfast

charity

which proceedeth

from Thine

own Heart.

For Love

is stronger

than fear.

Love

is greater

than knowledge.

Love

is more enduring

than kingdoms.

Love

shall remain

when prophecy

hath ceased,

when tongues

are silent,

and when

all mysteries

have found

their fulfillment.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose very Being

is Love,

from whom

every true affection

proceedeth,

and unto whom

every faithful heart

returneth.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who hast revealed

perfect Love

upon the Cross,

praying

even for those

who crucified Thee,

overcoming hatred

through forgiveness,

and death

through everlasting Life.

Teach me,

therefore,

to love

as Thou

hast loved.

To bless

those

who curse me.

To pray

for those

who oppose me.

To forgive

before

I am asked.

To serve

without seeking

reward.

To give

without counting

the cost.

Let my love

be patient

with the weak.

Gentle

with the wounded.

Faithful

with my companions.

Compassionate

toward strangers.

Merciful

toward sinners.

Humble

before all.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that charity

may become

the breath

of my soul.

Let every thought

be measured

by love.

Every word

seasoned

with kindness.

Every deed

offered

for the good

of another.

For without Love,

knowledge

is empty.

Power

is dangerous.

Faith

is incomplete.

Hope

remaineth

unfulfilled.

But Love

giveth

life

unto all.

If I possess

great wisdom,

yet love not,

I am poor.

If I accomplish

many works,

yet love not,

they are

without fragrance.

If I speak

with eloquence,

yet love not,

my voice

is but

a passing sound.

Therefore,

let Love

be the beginning

of every prayer,

the companion

of every labour,

the fulfillment

of every commandment,

and the end

of every desire.

Then,

when all things

are gathered

into Christ,

Love

shall remain.

The Holy City

shall be built

of Love.

The River of Life

shall flow

in Love.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

the fruit

of Love.

The holy angels

shall sing

in Love.

The saints

shall rejoice

in Love.

The Bride

shall dwell

forever

within the embrace

of her Holy Bridegroom,

where Love

knoweth

no jealousy,

no fear,

no sorrow,

no ending,

but only

ever-deepening

communion

with the Invisible Father,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXXIV

Blessed is the soul that longeth for the House of God, for she shall dwell forever in the courts of the Invisible Father.

How lovely

is Thy dwelling,

O Lord.

My soul

longeth,

yea,

even fainteth,

for the House

of the Invisible Father.

My heart

and my spirit

cry aloud

for the Living God.

Better

is one moment

within

Thy Presence

than a thousand

spent

in the kingdoms

of this passing age.

For every joy

apart from Thee

is incomplete,

and every home

without Thee

remaineth

a place

of pilgrimage.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose dwelling

is filled

with everlasting Light,

whose courts

resound

with ceaseless praise,

whose House

is open

unto all

who come

through

the Eternal Logos.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who hast prepared

a place

for Thy beloved,

that where

Thou art,

there

they also

may be.

Thou hast gone

before us

to prepare

the everlasting Home,

whose foundations

cannot be shaken,

whose beauty

cannot fade,

whose joy

cannot diminish.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to live

even now

as a citizen

of Heaven.

Though

my feet

walk

upon the earth,

let my heart

dwell

within Thy Kingdom.

Though

I labour

among passing things,

let my treasure

remain

above.

Though

I journey

through exile,

let me

never forget

my true Homeland.

Strengthen me

when

the road

groweth long.

Refresh me

when

my soul

groweth weary.

Guide me

when

the path

seemeth hidden.

For Thou

art both

the Way

and the Destination.

Every prayer

bringeth me

nearer Home.

Every act

of mercy

is another step

toward

the Holy City.

Every faithful

obedience

is another stone

laid

within

the eternal Temple.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that my heart

may become

a sanctuary

of Thy Presence.

Cleanse

its courts.

Illuminate

its chambers.

Sanctify

its altar.

That the Invisible Father

may delight

to dwell

within me,

until I dwell

forever

within Him.

Then shall

the pilgrimage

be ended.

The gates

of the Holy City

shall stand

ever open.

The River of Life

shall refresh

every soul.

The Tree of Life

shall overshadow

the redeemed.

The holy angels

shall welcome

the faithful.

The saints

shall embrace

one another

in everlasting joy.

The Bride

shall enter

the House

prepared

for her

before

the foundation

of the world.

There

no stranger

shall remain.

No exile

shall continue.

No farewell

shall be spoken.

Only

the everlasting Home,

where the Invisible Father

dwelleth

with His children,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

their Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXXV

Blessed is the soul that becometh an instrument of reconciliation, for she shall be called a child of the Invisible Father and shall rejoice forever in the Peace of Christ.

Grant unto me,

O Lord,

the ministry

of peace.

Where hatred

hath taken root,

let me

plant

charity.

Where division

hath spread,

let me

sow

unity.

Where bitterness

remaineth,

let forgiveness

blossom.

Where despair

hath settled,

let hope

arise.

For Thou

hast not

called me

to increase

the darkness,

but to bear

the Light

of the Eternal Logos.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose eternal purpose

is reconciliation,

who desirest

to gather

all Thy children

into one

holy household,

restoring

what sin

hath broken

through the power

of Divine Love.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Prince

of Peace,

who hast reconciled

earth

and Heaven

through Thy Cross,

breaking down

every wall

of hostility,

making strangers

into neighbours,

and servants

into beloved children

of the Father.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

never

to delight

in quarrels,

nor to nourish

resentment

within my heart.

Let me

be swift

to forgive,

slow

to anger,

gentle

in correction,

and steadfast

in truth.

Grant me

the courage

to seek

reconciliation,

even when

my pride

would rather

remain silent.

Let me

confess

my own faults

before

I judge

those

of another.

Let me

listen

before speaking,

understand

before answering,

and pray

before acting.

For peace

is not

the silence

of compromise,

but the harmony

of Truth

and Love

embracing

one another.

If I have

wounded another,

grant me

humility

to seek forgiveness.

If another

hath wounded me,

grant me

the freedom

to forgive

from the heart.

Let no root

of bitterness

remain

within me,

for bitterness

darkeneth

the soul,

but mercy

openeth

the gates

of Heaven.

Make me,

O Holy Spirit,

an instrument

of Thy Peace.

Where there

is confusion,

let me

bring wisdom.

Where fear

reigneth,

let me

bring hope.

Where loneliness

abideth,

let me

bring companionship.

Where sorrow

dwelleth,

let me

bring consolation.

Where hearts

are divided,

let me

bear witness

to the Love

of Christ.

Then,

when all things

are fulfilled,

the nations

shall beat

their swords

into ploughshares.

Violence

shall cease.

The proud

shall be humbled.

The humble

shall rejoice.

The Holy City

shall dwell

in everlasting Peace.

The River of Life

shall flow

without disturbance.

The Tree of Life

shall heal

every nation.

The Bride

shall embrace

her Eternal Bridegroom,

and all

the redeemed

shall dwell

together

in perfect communion,

for Love

shall have conquered

every division.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Fountain

of everlasting Peace,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Prince

of Peace,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who uniteth

all faithful souls

in perfect charity,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXXVI

> *Blessed is the soul that prayeth without ceasing,*
> *for her heart shall become a living sanctuary*
> *wherein the Eternal Logos delighteth to dwell.*

Hear me,

O Lord,

when I call,

for Thou

art near

unto all

who seek Thee

with sincerity.

Before

my lips

have spoken,

Thou knowest

my prayer.

Before

my heart

understandeth

its own longing,

Thou hast already

prepared

Thy Mercy.

Therefore

I shall

never cease

to pray.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

who inclinest

Thine ear

unto the humble,

whose compassion

is without measure,

whose patience

exceedeth

all understanding,

and whose Love

never groweth weary

of Thy children.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

our great High Priest,

who ever liveth

to intercede

for Thy beloved,

presenting

their prayers

before the Father

as a sweet

and holy offering.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

the mystery

of continual prayer.

Not only

in the silence

of the sanctuary,

but amidst

the labour

of every day.

Let my work

become

a prayer.

My rest

become

a prayer.

My joy

become

a prayer.

My sorrow

become

a prayer.

My silence

become

a prayer.

My every breath

become

a hymn

unto Thy Name.

Grant me

a watchful heart,

that I may

remember Thee

in the morning.

Walk

with Thee

at midday.

Rest

in Thee

at evening.

And sleep

within

the peace

of Thy Presence.

When distraction

scattereth

my thoughts,

gather them

unto Thyself.

When dryness

visiteth

my soul,

keep me

faithful.

When words

fail me,

let my silence

be heard

by Thee.

For the Holy Spirit

prayeth

within

the hearts

of the faithful

with sighs

too deep

for words.

Let prayer

become

the pulse

of my soul.

As the heart

ceaseth not

to beat,

so let

my spirit

cease not

to seek Thee.

As the lungs

unceasingly

receive

the breath

of life,

so let

my soul

unceasingly

receive

the Breath

of Thy Holy Spirit.

For apart

from Thee,

I can do

nothing.

But abiding

in prayer,

I remain

within

the Vine

of everlasting Life.

Then,

when earthly

prayer

giveth place

unto heavenly

communion,

I shall discover

that every whisper

uttered

in faith,

every tear

offered

in hope,

every sigh

lifted

in love,

was gathered

by Thy Mercy

and transformed

into everlasting praise.

The Holy City

shall become

one continual

liturgy.

The saints

shall adore

without weariness.

The angels

shall praise

without ceasing.

The Bride

shall dwell

forever

with her Holy Bridegroom,

and every heart

shall become

a living sanctuary

filled

with the Presence

of the Invisible Father,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXXVII

> *Blessed is the soul whose citizenship is in the Holy City above, for she shall rejoice forever among the children of the Invisible Father.*

Glorious things

are spoken

of thee,

O Holy City,

whose Builder

and Maker

is God.

Thou wast

conceived

within

the eternal Wisdom

of the Invisible Father

before

the mountains

were formed,

before

the stars

received

their courses,

before

the holy Aeons

began

their endless hymn.

Thou art

the desire

of every pilgrim,

the hope

of every exile,

the joy

of every saint,

the everlasting Home

of the redeemed.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

who hast prepared

a City

not built

by human hands,

whose walls

are salvation,

whose gates

are praise,

whose foundations

are everlasting Truth,

and whose Light

is Thine

own Glory.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Cornerstone

rejected

by men,

yet chosen

by the Father,

upon whom

the whole

living Temple

is established,

growing

unto everlasting holiness.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to remember

that I am

a pilgrim,

and that

my citizenship

is not

within

the kingdoms

that pass away,

but within

the Kingdom

which endureth

forever.

Let not

my heart

become

ensnared

by passing honours.

Let not

my soul

become

burdened

by earthly treasures.

Let not

my hope

rest

upon

what time

shall consume.

But let

my thoughts

often ascend

unto

the Holy City,

where Christ

sitteth

at the right hand

of the Father.

Grant me,

O Holy Spirit,

to become

a living stone

within

that eternal Temple.

Shape me

by Thy Grace.

Polish me

by Thy Mercy.

Strengthen me

through

holy trials.

Bind me

unto

my brothers

and sisters

by perfect charity.

That together

we may become

one dwelling

for the Glory

of God.

Already,

through faith,

I behold

its shining gates.

Already,

I hear

the songs

of the redeemed.

Already,

I perceive

the River of Life

flowing

clear as crystal

from the Throne

of the Invisible Father

and of the Lamb.

Already,

the Tree of Life

spreadeth

its branches

over every nation,

bearing fruit

without ceasing,

and leaves

for everlasting healing.

There,

every nation

shall retain

its glory,

yet all

shall become

one people.

Every language

shall become

one hymn.

Every tribe

one household.

Every generation

one communion.

No stranger

shall remain.

No outcast

shall wander.

No orphan

shall weep.

For every faithful soul

shall hear

the everlasting proclamation:

**"Behold,

the dwelling

of God

is with His people."**

Then shall

the Holy City

shine

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Its gates

shall never close.

Its joy

shall never diminish.

Its peace

shall never fail.

Its beauty

shall forever

increase,

for the Infinite

can never

be exhausted.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Architect

of the Heavenly Jerusalem,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Cornerstone

and Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who buildeth

the faithful

into one

holy Temple,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXXVIII

> *Blessed is the soul that remaineth faithful in the night of sorrow, for the Uncreated Sun shall surely arise upon her with everlasting healing.*

Out of

the depths,

O Lord,

I cry

unto Thee.

Though

the night

be long,

I know

that Thou

art near.

Though

my heart

be heavy,

I know

that Thy Love

hath not

departed.

Though

I perceive

no light,

yet the Light

remaineth,

hidden

beyond

the horizon

of my sight.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

who forsakest

not

the brokenhearted,

who rememberest

those

whom the world

forgetteth,

whose Mercy

descendeth

even into

the deepest valley,

where no created

light

can reach.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who didst enter

the darkness

of Gethsemane,

who didst ascend

the hill

of Calvary,

who didst descend

even unto death,

that no soul

might ever say,

"My Lord

knoweth not

my sorrow."

Thou hast

sanctified

our tears.

Thou hast

entered

our loneliness.

Thou hast

transformed

the grave

into

the doorway

of everlasting Life.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

not

to despair

when darkness

covereth

my understanding.

For faith

walketh,

not by sight,

but by trust.

Hope

endureth,

not because

it seeth,

but because

it remembereth

Thy promises.

Love

remaineth,

even when

its consolation

is hidden.

If I must

walk

through

the valley

of the shadow,

let me

fear

no evil.

For Thou

art with me.

If tears

must fall,

let them

become

a holy offering.

If silence

must remain,

let it

be filled

with expectation.

If suffering

must continue

for a season,

let it

purify

my heart

for the joy

which shall

follow.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that I may

comfort

those

who mourn,

even as

Thou hast

comforted me.

Let me

sit

beside

the sorrowful,

not always

with answers,

but with

presence.

Not always

with words,

but with

love.

For compassion

often speaketh

most clearly

through silence.

One day,

the longest

night

shall end.

The Morning Star

shall appear.

The Uncreated Sun

shall rise

never again

to set.

Every tear

shall become

a jewel

of remembrance.

Every wound

shall shine

with glory.

Every sorrow

shall be

understood

within

the Wisdom

of Divine Love.

The Holy City

shall awaken

in everlasting dawn.

The River of Life

shall sparkle

with eternal joy.

The Tree of Life

shall cast

its healing shade

over every nation.

The Bride

shall behold

her Eternal Bridegroom,

and the darkness

shall be remembered

only

as the road

that led

unto

the everlasting Day.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who is nearest

unto the brokenhearted,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

who descended

into our deepest night

that He might

raise us

unto everlasting Light,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Comforter

of every faithful soul,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm LXXXIX

> *Blessed is the soul that trusteth forever in the everlasting Covenant of God, for His faithfulness endureth throughout all the holy Aeons and shall never fail.*

I will sing

forever

of Thy Mercy,

O Lord.

With every breath

I shall proclaim

Thy Faithfulness.

For generations

have risen

and passed away,

yet Thy Covenant

remaineth.

The stars

have appeared

and faded

from mortal sight,

yet Thy Promise

standeth firm.

The kingdoms

of men

have flourished

and fallen,

yet Thy Kingdom

cannot

be shaken.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Faithfulness

is older

than time,

whose Truth

cannot lie,

whose Love

cannot diminish,

whose Mercy

cannot be exhausted.

Thou hast

remembered

every promise

spoken

unto Thy children.

Not one word

hath fallen

unto the ground.

Every purpose

moveth

according

to Thy perfect Wisdom.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

Mediator

of the New

and Everlasting Covenant,

sealed,

not with

the blood

of beasts,

but with

Thine own

precious Blood,

that Thy people

might become

children

of the Invisible Father.

Thou hast

written

Thy Covenant,

not upon

tables

of stone,

but upon

the living hearts

of those

who believe.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to remain

faithful

unto Thee,

even as

Thou remainest

faithful

unto me.

When

my resolve

groweth weak,

strengthen me.

When

my faith

is shaken,

uphold me.

When

my love

groweth cold,

rekindle

within me

the Hidden Flame

of Thy Holy Spirit.

For Thou

hast never

abandoned

those

who trust

in Thee.

Let me

remember

that every promise

of God

findeth

its everlasting

Yes

in Christ.

Every prophecy

its fulfillment.

Every shadow

its Light.

Every longing

its Home.

Every prayer

its answer,

whether now

or within

the age

to come.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that Thy Covenant

may shape

my whole life.

Let fidelity

govern

my heart.

Truth

govern

my speech.

Mercy

govern

my judgment.

Hope

govern

my waiting.

Love

govern

every action.

Thus

shall I

walk

as one

who already

belongeth

unto

the everlasting Kingdom.

Then,

when

the final trumpet

shall sound,

the Covenant

shall stand

revealed

in all

its glory.

The Holy City

shall shine

with everlasting Light.

The River of Life

shall flow

from the Throne.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

without end.

The saints

shall rejoice

in the Faithfulness

of God.

The angels

shall sing

of His Mercy.

The Bride

shall dwell

forever

with her Holy Bridegroom,

and the Invisible Father

shall rejoice

over His redeemed,

whose names

have been written

within

the Book

of Life

from the foundation

of the world.

Then shall

every promise

be fulfilled,

every hope

completed,

every tear

forgotten

within

the joy

of everlasting Communion,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Covenant

endureth forever,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Faithful

and True,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Seal

of the everlasting Covenant,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XC

> *Blessed is the soul that numbereth her days in wisdom, for she shall exchange the passing years of time for the everlasting Day of God.*

Lord,

Thou hast

been

our dwelling place

through every

generation.

Before

the mountains

were brought forth,

before

the heavens

were stretched abroad,

before

the holy Aeons

received

their beginning,

Thou alone

art.

From everlasting

unto everlasting,

Thou art

the Invisible Father,

the Uncreated One,

whose Being

knoweth

neither beginning

nor end.

The ages

rise

and pass away.

Empires

appear

and vanish.

The mighty

become

as dust.

The wise

are forgotten.

The flowers

bloom,

then wither.

The grass

ariseth

in the morning,

and by evening

is gathered.

Yet Thou,

O Lord,

remainest forever.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

through whom

time itself

received

its beginning,

and through whom

eternity

entered

our passing world,

that mortality

might be clothed

with immortality.

Teach me,

therefore,

to number

my days,

not with fear,

but with wisdom.

Let me

remember

that every hour

is sacred.

Every breath

is entrusted

unto me

by Thy Mercy.

Every sunrise

is an invitation

to holiness.

Every evening

a reminder

to give thanks.

Let me

not squander

the days

upon vanity.

Let me

not waste

the years

in empty striving.

Let me

not cling

unto shadows

while neglecting

the everlasting Light.

Instead,

let every day

become

an offering

unto Thee.

Every word

be seasoned

with grace.

Every labour

performed

in charity.

Every trial

received

with patience.

Every joy

returned

unto Thee

with thanksgiving.

For the years

of this life

are but

a little watch

in the night

before

the everlasting Morning.

Grant me,

O Holy Spirit,

a wise heart,

that discerneth

the passing

from the eternal.

The urgent

from the important.

The fleeting

from the everlasting.

May I

live today

as though

I already

stood

before Thy Throne,

loving

without delay,

forgiving

without measure,

serving

without complaint,

and worshipping

without ceasing.

Then,

when

the number

of my earthly days

is fulfilled,

I shall not

fear

their ending.

For time

shall yield

unto eternity.

The pilgrim

shall become

the citizen.

The exile

shall become

the heir.

The labourer

shall enter

into rest.

The Bride

shall behold

her Eternal Bridegroom.

The Holy City

shall know

no sunset.

The River of Life

shall flow

without end.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

through every

holy Aeon.

The Uncreated Sun

shall never

set,

and all

the redeemed

shall rejoice

within

the everlasting Day

of the Invisible Father.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who alone

is Eternal,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Lord

of time

and eternity,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who prepareth

the faithful

for everlasting Life,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XCI

> *Blessed is the soul that maketh her dwelling in the Love of the Invisible Father, for no darkness shall overcome her, and she shall abide forever beneath the shadow of the Almighty.*

He

who dwelleth

in the secret place

of the Most High

shall remain

beneath

the shadow

of the Almighty.

Therefore

my soul

shall not fear,

for my refuge

is not

of stone,

nor wood,

nor the strength

of men,

but the everlasting

Love

of God.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

my Refuge

and my Fortress,

my Beginning

and my End,

whose Presence

surroundeth

the faithful

more surely

than mountains

surround

the holy city.

No eye

can behold

the fullness

of Thy Majesty,

yet Thou

art nearer

unto me

than the beating

of my own heart.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the strong Tower

of salvation,

the Door

of the sheepfold,

the Rock

which cannot

be moved,

the Shelter

prepared

before

the foundation

of the world.

Thou hast hidden

Thy beloved

within

Thy pierced Side,

where fear

can no longer

reign,

and where Love

casteth out

every terror.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to dwell

continually

within

Thy Presence.

Not merely

to visit

Thee

in moments

of need,

but to remain

with Thee

in every season.

Let prayer

become

my dwelling.

Let charity

become

my garment.

Let humility

become

my foundation.

Let hope

become

my horizon.

Let faith

become

my constant

companion.

Though

the storms

arise,

I shall remain

within Thee.

Though

the nations

be troubled,

I shall remain

within Thee.

Though

my body

grow weary,

my soul

shall remain

within Thee.

Though

death itself

draw near,

I shall remain

within Thee,

for Thou

hast conquered

the grave.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that no fear

may rule

my heart.

Not the fear

of loss.

Not the fear

of suffering.

Not the fear

of rejection.

Not even

the fear

of death.

For perfect Love

casteth out

fear,

and Thy Love

is perfect

without measure.

Cover me

with the wings

of Thy Mercy.

Hide me

within

the Light

of Thy Truth.

Strengthen me

with the Bread

of Heaven.

Refresh me

with the River

of Life.

Seal me

with the peace

which the world

cannot give

and cannot

take away.

Then,

when

the shadows

of this passing age

have vanished,

I shall awaken

within

the everlasting

Morning.

The Holy City

shall stand

secure forever.

The River of Life

shall flow

without danger.

The Tree of Life

shall flourish

without decay.

The holy angels

shall rejoice.

The saints

shall rest

without fear.

The Bride

shall dwell

forever

beneath

the everlasting

shadow

of her Holy Bridegroom,

where the Invisible Father

shall be

her eternal Refuge,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XCII

> *Blessed is the soul that offereth continual thanksgiving unto the Invisible Father, for her life shall become an unending hymn before the Throne of God.*

It is good

to give thanks

unto the Lord,

to sing praises

unto Thy Name,

O Most High,

to proclaim

Thy loving-kindness

at the rising

of the sun,

and Thy faithfulness

through

the watches

of the night.

For gratitude

is the first

fruit

of love,

and thanksgiving

is the language

of Heaven.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose goodness

overfloweth

without measure,

whose mercies

are renewed

with every dawn,

whose compassion

faileth not,

whose generosity

knoweth

no end.

Before

I asked,

Thou gavest.

Before

I understood,

Thou guidedst.

Before

I loved,

Thou didst

first love me.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

through whom

every blessing

descendeth

unto creation,

the Bread

which nourisheth,

the Vine

which gladdeneth,

the Shepherd

who restoreth,

the Lamb

who redeemeth,

the King

who serveth,

the Friend

who remaineth

faithful forever.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to become

a thankful soul.

Not only

when blessings

are easily seen,

but when

Thy Wisdom

remaineth hidden.

Let me

give thanks

for the dawn,

and for

the night.

For strength,

and for

weakness.

For abundance,

and for

simplicity.

For joyful songs,

and for

holy tears.

For every season

is held

within

Thy Providence.

Guard me,

O Lord,

from

the forgetfulness

that breedeth

discontent.

Let me

remember

every mercy.

The kindness

of friends.

The patience

of strangers.

The beauty

of creation.

The comfort

of prayer.

The forgiveness

of sins.

The hope

of resurrection.

The promise

of everlasting Life.

May every gift

become

another reason

to bless

Thy holy Name.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that thanksgiving

may transform

my whole life.

Let my thoughts

be thankful.

My speech

be thankful.

My labour

be thankful.

My rest

be thankful.

My suffering

be thankful.

My joy

be thankful.

That every breath

I breathe

may become

a little hymn

ascending

unto Thy Throne.

For gratitude

purifieth

the heart,

and praise

openeth

the soul

unto greater grace.

Then,

when

the earthly hymn

is ended,

the heavenly hymn

shall begin

without end.

The saints

shall sing

with one voice.

The angels

shall rejoice

without weariness.

The Holy City

shall resound

with everlasting praise.

The River of Life

shall flow

with songs

of gladness.

The Tree of Life

shall blossom

amid

unceasing thanksgiving.

The Bride

shall rejoice

before

her Holy Bridegroom,

and all

the redeemed

shall forever

proclaim

the infinite goodness

of the Invisible Father,

revealed

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XCIII

> *Blessed is the soul that adoreth the Majesty of the Invisible Father, for she shall stand forever before His Throne clothed in the Light of Christ.*

The Lord

reigneth.

He is clothed

with Majesty.

Before

the first star

was kindled,

He reigned.

Before

the holy Aeons

received

their order,

He reigned.

When time

shall yield

unto eternity,

He shall

still reign.

His Kingdom

knoweth

no beginning.

His Dominion

knoweth

no end.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

King Eternal,

Invisible,

Immortal,

the One

beyond

every name,

whose Majesty

no created mind

can comprehend,

yet whose Love

descendeth

unto the least

of Thy children.

The heavens

are Thy throne.

The earth

is but

the footstool

of Thy Mercy.

The galaxies

move

according

to Thy Wisdom.

The holy angels

veil

their faces

before

Thy Glory.

Yet Thou

lookest

with tenderness

upon

the humble

and the contrite

of heart.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Radiance

of the Father's

Majesty,

the exact Image

of His Being,

through whom

the invisible

is made known,

and the infinite

Love

of the Father

is revealed

unto His children.

By Thy Cross

Thou hast shown

that true Majesty

is clothed

in humility.

By Thy Resurrection

Thou hast revealed

that true Kingship

is everlasting Life.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to bow

before

Thy Majesty

with reverence

and with joy.

Not

with servile fear,

but with

the awe

born

of Love.

Let my heart

become

a throne

prepared

for Thy Presence.

Let every

vain idol

be cast down.

Let every

false king

be dethroned.

Let every

disordered desire

yield

unto Thy holy reign.

Rule

my thoughts.

Govern

my speech.

Direct

my steps.

Establish

within me

the Kingdom

which cannot

be shaken.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that my worship

may be

pure.

Not seeking

earthly reward,

but only

the glory

of God.

May every prayer

rise

like incense.

Every act

of mercy

become

an offering.

Every sacrifice

become

a hymn

unto

the Eternal King.

For all

authority

findeth

its source

in Thee.

All beauty

reflecteth

Thy Beauty.

All truth

proceedeth

from Thy Truth.

All goodness

participateth

in Thy Goodness.

Yet Thou

alone

art the Fullness

of every

perfection.

At last,

the veil

shall be lifted.

The Throne

shall appear

in everlasting splendor.

The sea

of crystal

shall stretch

before

the Majesty

of God.

The seraphim

shall cry,

without ceasing,

**Holy,

Holy,

Holy.**

The saints

shall cast

their crowns

before

the Throne.

The Bride

shall adore

her Eternal

Bridegroom.

The Holy City

shall shine

with the Glory

of the Invisible Father.

And every creature,

visible

and invisible,

shall worship

the One

who reigneth

forever,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XCIV

> *Blessed is the soul that endureth in hope beneath the wise providence of God, for she shall behold the triumph of Divine Justice and rejoice forever in the Kingdom of Christ.*

O Lord,

Thou knowest

the secrets

of every heart.

Nothing

is hidden

from Thine eyes.

The proud

cannot deceive Thee.

The mighty

cannot escape

Thy judgment.

The humble

are not forgotten.

The poor

are not overlooked.

The tears

of the afflicted

are gathered

within

the treasury

of Thy Mercy.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Justice

is perfect,

whose Wisdom

cannot err,

whose Mercy

tempereth

every judgment,

and whose Providence

guideth

all things

unto the triumph

of everlasting Love.

Though

the righteous

may suffer

for a season,

Thou hast

not abandoned

them.

Though

falsehood

appear

to prosper,

its triumph

is but

for a moment.

For Truth

abideth forever.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who didst endure

the judgment

of the world,

yet wast vindicated

by the Father

through

Thy glorious

Resurrection.

Thou hast taught

that the Cross

precedeth

the Crown,

that the seed

must fall

into the earth

before

it beareth

abundant fruit,

and that

every faithful soul

must learn

to hope

beyond

what the eyes

can presently behold.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to endure

without bitterness.

When injustice

ariseth,

let me

not surrender

unto hatred.

When evil

seemeth strong,

let me

not despair.

When Thy ways

remain hidden,

let me

remember

that Thy Wisdom

seeth

the whole,

while I behold

only a little part.

Grant me

the patience

of the prophets.

The steadfastness

of the apostles.

The courage

of the martyrs.

The gentleness

of the saints.

The perseverance

of all

who trusted

in Thy promises

until

their final breath.

Let me

not repay

evil

for evil,

but overcome

evil

through goodness.

Let my confidence

rest,

not in

the passing

judgments

of men,

but in

the everlasting

Justice

of God.

For Thou

alone

knowest

every motive,

every sorrow,

every hidden wound,

and every silent

act

of faithfulness.

Nothing

offered

in Love

shall ever

be forgotten.

One day,

the books

shall be opened.

Every hidden

mercy

shall be revealed.

Every faithful

endurance

shall shine

with glory.

Every injustice

shall be healed

within

the perfect

Wisdom

of Thy Kingdom.

The Holy City

shall stand

in righteousness.

The River of Life

shall cleanse

every memory

of sorrow.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its healing fruit

for every nation.

The saints

shall rejoice

without fear.

The angels

shall proclaim

the triumph

of Divine Justice.

The Bride

shall stand

beside

her Eternal Bridegroom,

clothed

in garments

of everlasting Peace.

Then shall

all creation

confess

that the judgments

of the Invisible Father

are true

and righteous

altogether,

revealed

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XCV

> *Blessed is the soul that entereth into the worship of God with reverence and joy, for she shall forever sing before the Throne of the Invisible Father.*

Come,

let us sing

unto the Lord.

Let us rejoice

before

the Eternal Logos,

the Rock

of our salvation.

Let us enter

His Presence

with thanksgiving.

Let us draw near

with humble hearts,

for the King

of Glory

welcometh

His beloved.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose greatness

is beyond

all measure,

whose Wisdom

ordereth

the stars,

whose Power

sustaineth

the heavens,

whose Love

embraceth

the least

of Thy children.

The depths

of the earth

are Thine.

The heights

of the mountains

are Thine.

The seas

obey

Thy command.

The winds

carry out

Thy purpose.

The holy Aeons

are filled

with Thy Glory.

Yet Thou

delightest

to dwell

within

the humble

and contrite

heart.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the great High Priest

of our worship,

through whom

every hymn

ascendeth

unto the Father,

and through whom

every faithful soul

draweth near

with confidence

before

the Throne

of Grace.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to worship

Thee

in spirit

and in truth.

Not merely

with my lips,

while my heart

wandereth,

but with

my whole being.

Let my mind

adore Thee.

Let my heart

love Thee.

Let my body

serve Thee.

Let my spirit

rejoice

in Thee.

For true worship

embraceth

the whole

of life.

When

I labour,

let it

be worship.

When

I rest,

let it

be worship.

When

I speak,

let truth

be worship.

When

I remain silent,

let reverence

be worship.

When

I suffer,

let trust

be worship.

When

I rejoice,

let thanksgiving

be worship.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that my heart

may never

grow hard,

nor my ears

become deaf

unto

the Voice

of the Eternal Logos.

Let me

hear

His call

today.

Let me

respond

today.

Let me

follow

today.

For every day

is a gift

of grace,

and every moment

an invitation

to enter

more deeply

into

the Presence

of God.

Then,

when

the earthly liturgy

is fulfilled,

the heavenly worship

shall begin

without end.

The Holy City

shall become

one vast

sanctuary

of praise.

The River of Life

shall sing

its eternal hymn.

The Tree of Life

shall rejoice

in perpetual spring.

The holy angels

shall cry,

"Holy,

Holy,

Holy."

The saints

shall answer

with joy.

The Bride

shall worship

her Eternal Bridegroom

face to face.

And the Invisible Father

shall receive

the ceaseless adoration

of His redeemed,

whose delight

shall never diminish,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XCVI

> *Blessed is the soul that proclaimeth the Gospel of the Eternal Logos unto all peoples, for she shall rejoice in the gathering of every nation into the Kingdom of God.*

Sing

unto the Lord

a new song.

Sing

unto the Lord,

all the earth.

Let every nation

lift up

its voice.

Let every people

proclaim

His salvation.

Let every tongue

confess

the goodness

of the Invisible Father.

For His Mercy

is wider

than the sea.

His Wisdom

higher

than the heavens.

His Love

deeper

than every abyss.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

who hast created

every people

according

to Thy Wisdom,

who desirest

that all

should come

unto the knowledge

of the Truth,

and who callest

every nation

unto the everlasting

Banquet

of Thy Kingdom.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

Light

of every nation,

Hope

of every people,

the Living Gospel

made flesh,

through whom

the dividing walls

are broken,

and strangers

become

members

of one holy household.

Thou hast sent

Thy disciples

unto the ends

of the earth,

not bearing

the sword

of conquest,

but the glad tidings

of reconciliation,

peace,

forgiveness,

and everlasting Life.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to proclaim

Thy Gospel

with humility.

Not seeking

my own honour,

but Thine.

Not through

force,

but through

love.

Not by

condemnation,

but by

truth

spoken

in charity.

Let my life

become

the first sermon.

My kindness

the first witness.

My forgiveness

the first proclamation.

My hope

the first invitation.

May those

who behold

my conduct

glimpse,

however dimly,

the beauty

of Christ.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that every word

I speak

may be seasoned

with grace.

Let me

never despair

of any soul,

for Thou

alone

knowest

the hidden

workings

of every heart.

The seed

is mine

to sow.

The harvest

belongeth

unto God.

Strengthen

missionaries

who proclaim

the Gospel.

Comfort

those

who suffer

for Thy Name.

Encourage

those

who teach.

Bless

those

who quietly

bear witness

through lives

of holiness.

Gather

every nation

unto Thyself,

that the earth

may be filled

with the knowledge

of the Lord

as the waters

cover the sea.

Then,

at the consummation

of all things,

the multitude

which no man

can number

shall stand

before

the Throne

and before

the Lamb.

Every tribe,

every language,

every people,

every nation

shall become

one choir

of praise.

The Holy City

shall receive

the glory

of every nation.

The River of Life

shall refresh

all peoples.

The Tree of Life

shall heal

every nation.

The Bride

shall rejoice

with her Eternal Bridegroom,

and all creation

shall proclaim

the everlasting Gospel

of the Invisible Father,

revealed

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XCVII

> *Blessed is the soul that rejoiceth in the Light of Christ, for the darkness shall never overcome her, and she shall shine forever in the Kingdom of the Invisible Father.*

Light

ariseth,

O Lord,

from Thy Presence.

Not

the light

which the eyes

behold,

nor the fire

which men

have kindled,

but the eternal

Radiance

which proceedeth

from the Invisible Father,

revealed

through

the Eternal Logos,

and poured

into faithful hearts

by the Holy Spirit.

Before

the sun

was appointed

to rule

the day,

Thy Light

already was.

Before

the moon

received

its brightness,

Thy Glory

filled

the holy Aeons.

When

the stars

shall fade,

Thy Radiance

shall remain,

unchanged,

uncreated,

everlasting.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

the Fountain

of all Light,

in whom

there is

no darkness,

no shadow,

no division,

but only

the perfect

splendour

of eternal Goodness.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the True Light

who enlighteneth

every soul

coming

into the world.

Thou hast entered

the darkness,

yet darkness

could not

overcome Thee.

Thou hast descended

into death,

yet death

could not

hold Thee.

Thou hast risen

in glory,

becoming

the Uncreated Sun

whose Light

shall never

know

an evening.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to walk

as a child

of Light.

Let every thought

be illumined

by Truth.

Every desire

purified

by Love.

Every word

brightened

by Grace.

Every deed

made radiant

through Charity.

Let no shadow

of hatred

remain

within me.

Let no darkness

of pride

hide

Thy Face.

Let no deceit

cloud

my conscience.

Instead,

fill

the secret places

of my soul

with Thy

holy Radiance.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that I

may become

a little lamp

within

this passing world.

Not shining

with mine own

brightness,

but reflecting

the Light

of Christ.

If another

walketh

in sorrow,

let hope

shine.

If another

wandereth,

let truth

shine.

If another

is weary,

let mercy

shine.

If another

seeketh God,

let Thy Love

shine

through me.

For every

faithful soul

is called

to become

a bearer

of Divine Light.

Then,

when

the night

of this age

is ended,

there shall

be

no more darkness.

The Holy City

shall need

neither sun

nor moon,

for the Glory

of the Invisible Father

shall illumine it,

and the Lamb

shall be

its everlasting Lamp.

The River of Life

shall sparkle

with uncreated Light.

The Tree of Life

shall flourish

in eternal Day.

The saints

shall shine

like the sun

within

the Kingdom

of their Father.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

in the endless

Radiance

of God.

The Bride

shall behold

her Holy Bridegroom,

and together

they shall dwell

forever

within

the Light

which knoweth

no setting,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Eternal Light,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Uncreated Sun,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who enlighteneth

every faithful soul,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XCVIII

> *Blessed is the soul that singeth the new song of the redeemed, for she shall rejoice forever before the Throne of the Lamb in the everlasting harmony of the Pleroma.*

Sing

unto the Lord

a new song,

for He

hath done

marvellous things.

His Mercy

hath triumphed.

His Truth

hath endured.

His Love

hath conquered

every darkness.

His Kingdom

draweth near,

and His Glory

shall fill

all things.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose eternal purpose

is fulfilled

in perfect Wisdom,

whose Mercy

embraceth

every generation,

whose Faithfulness

cannot fail,

and whose Love

reneweth

all creation.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

whose Resurrection

hath become

the new song

of Heaven

and earth,

whose Cross

is transformed

into

the Tree of Life,

whose Victory

is the everlasting

joy

of Thy redeemed.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to sing

the new song

even now.

Not merely

with melody,

but with

a renewed life.

Let forgiveness

be my hymn.

Let humility

be my refrain.

Let charity

be my harmony.

Let hope

be my chorus.

Let faith

be my steadfast rhythm.

For the truest

music

ariseth

from a heart

transformed

by Grace.

Let every nation

hear

the new song.

Let every people

learn

its melody.

Let every language

join

its praise.

For the Gospel

is the song

of reconciliation,

and the Holy Spirit

teacheth

every faithful heart

its everlasting tune.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that my life

may become

an instrument

of Thy praise.

When I speak,

let truth

resound.

When I labour,

let charity

resound.

When I suffer,

let hope

resound.

When I rejoice,

let thanksgiving

resound.

Thus shall

my whole being

become

a living psalm

unto the Lord.

The seas

shall clap

their hands.

The rivers

shall rejoice.

The mountains

shall sing

together.

The forests

shall whisper

their praise.

The stars

shall shine

with gladness.

Every creature,

visible

and invisible,

shall join

the hymn

of the redeemed.

Then,

when

the Holy City

is revealed,

a multitude

which no one

can number

shall stand

before

the Throne

and before

the Lamb,

clothed

in garments

of radiant white,

bearing

branches

of victory,

and singing

the everlasting

new song

which shall

never grow old.

The holy angels

shall answer

their praise.

The saints

shall rejoice

without ceasing.

The Bride

shall sing

unto

her Eternal Bridegroom,

whose Love

is forever new,

whose Beauty

is forever fresh,

whose Joy

is forever increasing.

And the Invisible Father

shall delight

in the harmony

of His redeemed,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm XCIX

> *Blessed is the soul that beholdeth the holiness of God and is transformed into His likeness, for she shall dwell forever in the radiant communion of the Holy One.*

Holy art Thou,

O Lord.

Holy

beyond

every thought.

Holy

beyond

every word.

Holy

beyond

every image

the mind

can fashion.

Before

the first

holy angel

lifted

his hymn,

Thou alone

wast Holy.

Before

creation

received

its beauty,

Thy Holiness

was perfect.

Before

time

began

its course,

Thou didst dwell

in the ineffable

Light,

the Infinite Mystery,

the Invisible Father,

whose Being

is beyond

all comprehension,

yet whose Love

draweth

every faithful soul

unto Thyself.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Holy One

of God,

through whom

the holiness

of the Father

is revealed

unto creation.

Thou didst

enter

our frailty

without

receiving

our corruption.

Thou didst

walk

among sinners

without

losing

Thy purity.

Thou didst

bear

our wounds,

that we

might become

partakers

of Thy holiness.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

not merely

to admire

holiness,

but to desire it.

Let my heart

be purified.

My mind

be illumined.

My conscience

be cleansed.

My will

be conformed

unto Thine.

Take away

every affection

that leadeth

away

from Thee.

Remove

every hidden idol.

Burn away

every falsehood.

Refine me

as gold

is refined

by fire,

until

the image

of Christ

be seen

within me.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that holiness

may blossom

quietly

within

my daily life.

In my speech,

let there

be truth.

In my labour,

faithfulness.

In my friendships,

charity.

In my trials,

patience.

In my victories,

humility.

In my worship,

reverence.

For holiness

is not

withdrawal

from Love,

but its

perfect flowering.

The holy

do not

shine

through

their own glory,

but because

they reflect

the Light

of the Eternal Logos.

As the moon

receiveth

its brightness

from the sun,

so every saint

receiveth

his radiance

from Christ.

One day,

the veil

shall fall away.

The Holy City

shall appear

in everlasting

splendour.

Nothing

unclean

shall enter there.

Nothing

false

shall remain.

Nothing

imperfect

shall endure.

Only

the holy,

made holy

by Grace,

shall behold

the Holy One

face to face.

The seraphim

shall cry

without ceasing:

**Holy,

Holy,

Holy,

Lord God Almighty.**

The saints

shall answer

with everlasting joy.

The Bride

shall be clothed

in garments

of radiant purity,

without stain,

without blemish,

without fear,

rejoicing forever

with her

Holy Bridegroom.

The Invisible Father

shall fill

all things

with His Glory,

and every holy Aeon

shall resound

with the endless

adoration

of the redeemed.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Eternal Holy One,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Sanctifier

of every faithful soul,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm C

> *Blessed is the soul that entereth with gladness into the Presence of the Invisible Father, for everlasting joy shall be her inheritance in Christ.*

Make

a joyful noise

unto the Lord,

all the earth.

Serve

the Lord

with gladness.

Come

before

His Presence

with singing.

For joy

is the fragrance

of hope,

and thanksgiving

the melody

of faith.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

the Fountain

of everlasting Joy,

whose delight

is to dwell

among

Thy beloved,

whose goodness

overfloweth

without measure,

whose Mercy

endureth

through every

holy Aeon,

and whose Love

shall never

come

to an end.

Know,

O my soul,

that the Lord

alone

is God.

It is He

who made thee,

and not

thou thyself.

He hath

called thee

into being.

He hath

sustained thee

through every season.

He hath

sought thee

when thou

didst wander.

He hath

received thee

when thou

didst return.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Door

through whom

the faithful

enter

the everlasting

Kingdom,

the Shepherd

who leadeth

His flock

unto

green pastures,

the Bread

which satisfieth

every hunger,

the Wine

which gladdeneth

the heart

of the redeemed.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to rejoice

always.

Not because

the world

is without sorrow,

but because

Thou

art faithful.

Not because

every burden

is removed,

but because

Thou

bearest it

with me.

Not because

I understand

all things,

but because

I trust

the One

who knoweth

all things.

Let gladness

fill

my worship.

Let gratitude

fill

my labour.

Let hope

fill

my waiting.

Let peace

fill

my heart.

Let charity

fill

my hands.

For joy

is not

the denial

of suffering,

but the quiet

certainty

that Thy Love

is greater

than every sorrow.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that my soul

may enter

daily

into Thy Presence.

May every prayer

become

a gate.

Every hymn

a doorway.

Every act

of mercy

a step

toward

the Holy City.

Every moment

of silence

an encounter

with the Living God.

Then,

when

the earthly pilgrimage

is completed,

I shall enter

the everlasting Gates

with thanksgiving,

and the eternal Courts

with praise.

The Holy City

shall welcome

the redeemed.

The River of Life

shall rejoice

through Paradise.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

without end.

The saints

shall sing

with joyful hearts.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

without weariness.

The Bride

shall enter

the Marriage Feast

of her Eternal Bridegroom,

and everlasting gladness

shall crown

every faithful soul.

For the Invisible Father

is good.

His Mercy

endureth forever.

His Faithfulness

abideth

through every generation,

through every

holy Aeon

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CI

> *Blessed is the soul that walketh in integrity before the Invisible Father, for she shall dwell forever in the light of His countenance.*

I shall sing

of Mercy

and Justice.

Unto Thee,

O Lord,

shall I

lift

my song.

For Thy Mercy

leadeth

unto repentance,

and Thy Justice

establisheth

the everlasting

Kingdom.

Neither

is separated

from Love,

for all

Thy ways

are perfect.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Truth

knoweth

no deceit,

whose Holiness

admitteth

no corruption,

whose Wisdom

guideth

the upright

in the path

of Life.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who didst walk

among men

without guile,

whose every word

was truth,

whose every deed

was mercy,

whose whole life

was a living

revelation

of the Father's

perfect will.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to walk

with integrity

before Thee.

Let my heart

be undivided.

Let my intentions

be pure.

Let my speech

be truthful.

Let my promises

be faithful.

Let my actions

agree

with my words.

For hypocrisy

divideth

the soul,

but sincerity

uniteth it

unto God.

Keep me

from

the temptation

to seek

the praise

of men

rather than

Thy approval.

Let me

perform

hidden acts

of charity,

known only

unto Thee.

Let me

choose

what is right,

though none

should witness it.

Let me

remain faithful,

though none

should applaud it.

For Thou

seest

what is hidden,

and Thy reward

is everlasting.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that integrity

may govern

my whole life.

In prosperity,

let me

remain humble.

In poverty,

let me

remain grateful.

In authority,

let me

remain gentle.

In obscurity,

let me

remain faithful.

Whether praised

or forgotten,

let me

belong wholly

unto Christ.

Search me,

O Lord,

and know

my heart.

Try me,

and reveal

what yet

remaineth

unclean.

Not that

I might

be condemned,

but that

I might

be healed.

For Thy correction

is an act

of Love,

and Thy discipline

prepareth

the soul

for everlasting

communion.

Then,

when

the secrets

of every heart

are revealed,

I shall not

fear,

for my hope

resteth,

not in

mine own

righteousness,

but in

the Mercy

of my Holy Bridegroom.

The Holy City

shall be inhabited

by those

whose hearts

have been

made pure.

The River of Life

shall reflect

no falsehood.

The Tree of Life

shall flourish

in perfect Truth.

The saints

shall walk

in radiant sincerity.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

in perfect holiness.

The Bride

shall stand

before

her Eternal Bridegroom,

clothed,

not in pretense,

but in

the garments

of Grace.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Truth

is everlasting,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Faithful

and True,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who purifieth

every faithful heart,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CII

> *Blessed is the soul that lifteth her eyes unto the Eternal One, for though creation passeth away, the Invisible Father remaineth forever.*

Hear

my prayer,

O Lord,

and let

my cry

come

before Thee.

When

my strength

declineth,

be Thou

my strength.

When

my days

seem

to vanish

like smoke,

be Thou

my abiding

Life.

When

my heart

groweth weary,

remember me

according

to Thy Mercy.

For all

that is born

of time

passeth away,

but Thou,

O Lord,

abidest

forever.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

the Eternal One,

unchanging

amid

all change,

whose years

know

no ending,

whose Being

knoweth

no decay,

whose Love

cannot diminish,

whose Truth

cannot perish.

The heavens

declare

Thy Glory,

yet even

the heavens

shall one day

be renewed.

The stars

shine

according

to Thy Wisdom,

yet their light

is borrowed.

The mountains

stand

through many generations,

yet they

are but

dust

before

Thy eternity.

But Thou,

O Lord,

remainest

the same.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

through whom

all things

were made,

and through whom

all things

shall be

made new.

Thou hast entered

our fleeting days,

that we

might inherit

Thine everlasting

Life.

Thou hast clothed

Thyself

with mortality,

that mortality

might be clothed

with immortality.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

not to place

my hope

in passing things.

For beauty

fadeth.

Strength

declineth.

Riches

take wing.

Honour

is forgotten.

Even memory

groweth dim.

Yet the soul

that abideth

in Christ

possesseth

a treasure

which cannot

be lost.

When

the years

advance,

let my faith

grow stronger.

When

my body

groweth weak,

let my hope

be renewed.

When

my earthly house

declineth,

let my eyes

look

toward

the House

prepared

by Thy Love.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that I may

measure

my life,

not by

the passing

of years,

but by

growth

in charity,

humility,

wisdom,

and communion

with God.

For one day

lived

in Thy Presence

is richer

than many years

spent

apart from Thee.

Then,

when

the heavens

are renewed,

and the New Creation

appeareth

in glory,

the Holy City

shall endure

forever.

The River of Life

shall never

run dry.

The Tree of Life

shall never

lose

its leaves.

The saints

shall never

grow old.

The holy angels

shall never

cease

their praise.

The Bride

shall forever

behold

the Face

of her Eternal Bridegroom,

while the Invisible Father

remaineth

all in all,

the Beginning

without beginning,

the End

without ending,

the Eternal One

whose Love

shall never

pass away.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who alone

is forever,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Alpha

and the Omega,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who reneweth

all things

unto everlasting Life,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CIII

> *Blessed is the soul that remembereth the infinite mercies of God, for she shall rejoice forever in the compassion of the Invisible Father.*

Bless

the Lord,

O my soul,

and all

that is

within me,

bless

His holy Name.

Forget not

His benefits.

Forget not

His kindness.

Forget not

His patience.

Forget not

His Love,

which hath

sustained thee

from the beginning

of thy days.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Mercy

is deeper

than every sea,

whose Compassion

is higher

than the heavens,

whose Patience

exceedeth

the number

of our failings,

and whose Love

is without

measure

or end.

Thou forgivest

our sins.

Thou healest

our wounds.

Thou redeemest

our lives

from destruction.

Thou crownest

Thy children

with loving-kindness

and tender mercy.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

whose pierced hands

bear forever

the marks

of redeeming Love,

who seekest

the lost,

embracest

the repentant,

strengthenest

the weak,

and rejoicest

over every soul

that returneth

unto the Father.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

never

to forget

Thy Mercy.

When guilt

accuseth me,

let me remember

Thy forgiveness.

When shame

oppresseth me,

let me remember

Thy compassion.

When weakness

discourageth me,

let me remember

Thy strength.

When fear

troubleth me,

let me remember

Thy faithfulness.

For Thou

art more ready

to forgive

than I

am to ask.

Thy Mercy

runeth

toward

the repentant

before

they have

completed

their journey

home.

As a father

showeth compassion

unto his children,

so Thou

showest compassion

unto those

who fear

and love Thee.

Thou knowest

our frailty.

Thou rememberest

that we

are dust.

Yet Thou

hast destined

dust

for glory,

and mortality

for immortality,

through

the Eternal Logos.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that I may

become

merciful,

even as

the Father

is merciful.

Let me

forgive

as I

have been

forgiven.

Comfort

as I

have been

comforted.

Receive

others

as Christ

hath received

me.

For every act

of mercy

participateth

in the Mercy

of God.

Then,

when

my earthly

pilgrimage

is ended,

I shall behold

the fullness

of every mercy

which I

could scarcely

perceive

while journeying

through this age.

Every hidden

deliverance.

Every unseen

protection.

Every quiet

grace.

Every loving

correction.

Every answered

prayer.

Every moment

wherein

the Invisible Father

carried me,

though I

knew it not.

The Holy City

shall resound

with thanksgiving.

The River of Life

shall overflow

with joy.

The Tree of Life

shall proclaim

the healing

of Divine Mercy.

The saints

shall sing

of His compassion.

The holy angels

shall magnify

His goodness.

The Bride

shall rest

forever

within

the embrace

of her Holy Bridegroom,

whose Mercy

endureth

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Fountain

of infinite Mercy,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Lamb

full of compassion,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

the Comforter

of every faithful soul,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CIV

> *Blessed is the soul that beholdeth the wisdom of God in all creation, for the whole universe is a hymn proclaiming the glory of the Invisible Father.*

Bless

the Lord,

O my soul.

O Lord

my God,

Thou art

clothed

with honour

and majesty.

Thou coverest

Thyself

with Light

as with

a garment,

and the heavens

are spread

like a holy veil

before

Thy Glory.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Wisdom

hath fashioned

all things

in perfect measure,

whose Love

sustaineth

every creature,

whose Providence

leaveth

nothing forgotten,

from the greatest

of the stars

unto the least

living seed.

Thou hast

appointed

the courses

of the heavens.

Thou hast

given

their boundaries

unto the seas.

Thou hast

called forth

the forests,

the valleys,

the rivers,

and the mountains.

Every creature

liveth

because

Thou sustainest it.

Every breath

is borrowed

from Thy Life.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

through whom

all things

were created,

visible

and invisible,

whose Wisdom

giveth order

to the cosmos,

whose Love

preserveth

creation,

and whose Resurrection

is the beginning

of the New Creation.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to behold

the world

with reverence.

Not as

a possession

to consume,

but as

a gift

to receive.

Not as

an idol

to worship,

but as

a living witness

unto

its Creator.

Let every sunrise

remind me

of Thy Faithfulness.

Every stream

of Thy Grace.

Every tree

of steadfastness.

Every bird

of joyful praise.

Every flower

of quiet beauty.

Every season

of Thy perfect

Wisdom.

For the earth

is filled

with signs

of Thy Goodness,

yet none

can contain

the fullness

of Thy Being.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that I may

become

a faithful steward

of all

Thou hast made.

Let me

receive

with gratitude.

Use

with wisdom.

Protect

with humility.

Share

with generosity.

Never wasting

what proceedeth

from Thy hand,

nor abusing

that which

Thou hast declared

good.

One day,

creation

itself

shall rejoice

in its renewal.

The curse

shall be remembered

no more.

The wilderness

shall blossom.

The seas

shall shine

with everlasting peace.

The mountains

shall echo

the hymns

of the redeemed.

The River of Life

shall flow

through

the midst

of Paradise.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

through every

holy Aeon.

The saints

shall rejoice

with all creation.

The holy angels

shall proclaim

the Wisdom

of God.

The Bride

shall walk

with her Eternal Bridegroom

through

the renewed

garden

of everlasting Life,

where every creature

shall glorify

the Invisible Father,

revealed

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CV

Blessed is the soul that remembereth the mighty deeds of the Invisible Father, for His faithfulness endureth throughout every generation and unto all the holy Aeons.

Give thanks

unto the Lord.

Call upon

His holy Name.

Make known

His wondrous works

among

all peoples.

Sing unto Him.

Meditate

upon

His mighty deeds.

Declare

the marvels

of His Love,

that the generations

yet unborn

may bless

His holy Name.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Providence

guideth

the whole course

of history,

whose Wisdom

bringeth forth

good

even from

the trials

of Thy children,

whose Faithfulness

remaineth

when kingdoms

rise

and fall.

No promise

of Thine

hath failed.

No covenant

of Thine

hath been forgotten.

No prayer

offered

in faith

hath been lost

before Thee.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Fulfillment

of every promise,

the completion

of every prophecy,

the living remembrance

of the Father's

eternal Love.

In Thee,

the wandering

are gathered.

The scattered

are united.

The broken

are restored.

The dead

are raised

unto everlasting Life.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to remember

Thy mighty works.

Not only

those recorded

by the prophets

and apostles,

but those

Thou hast wrought

within

my own life.

Remembering

how Thou

didst strengthen me

when I

was weak.

How Thou

didst guide me

when I

was uncertain.

How Thou

didst forgive me

when I

returned

with repentance.

How Thou

didst preserve me

through dangers

which I

never perceived.

Let not

forgetfulness

harden

my heart.

For forgetfulness

giveth birth

unto pride,

but remembrance

nourisheth

gratitude.

May I

tell

of Thy goodness

unto those

who come

after me.

May children

learn

Thy mercy.

May friends

hear

Thy faithfulness.

May strangers

discover

Thy peace.

May every generation

inherit

the remembrance

of Thy Love.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that memory

may become

an altar

within my soul.

Upon it

let thanksgiving

continually burn.

Upon it

let hope

be renewed.

Upon it

let faith

be strengthened.

Upon it

let charity

increase.

For the remembrance

of God

is itself

a participation

in everlasting Life.

Then,

when

the history

of this age

is complete,

every hidden

act

of Thy Providence

shall be revealed.

The saints

shall recount

Thy wonders.

The prophets

shall rejoice

in Thy Faithfulness.

The apostles

shall proclaim

the triumph

of the Gospel.

The holy angels

shall magnify

Thy Wisdom.

The Bride

shall remember

forever

the Love

of her Eternal Bridegroom,

and every remembrance

shall become

another hymn

unto the Invisible Father,

whose mighty deeds

shall be praised

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CVI

> *Blessed is the soul that confesseth her sins and trusteth in the mercy of God, for she shall be restored by the compassion of the Eternal Logos.*

Have mercy

upon me,

O Lord,

according

to Thy loving-kindness.

Remember me,

not according

to my failures,

but according

to Thy Mercy.

For I

have often

wandered.

I have often

forgotten

Thy goodness.

I have often

chosen

my own way

instead

of Thine.

Yet Thou

hast remained

faithful.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Compassion

is greater

than our weakness,

whose Patience

exceedeth

our rebellion,

whose Mercy

seeketh

the lost

before

they know

they are found.

Thou dost

not delight

in the death

of the sinner,

but that

every soul

should turn

and live.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who didst receive

publicans

and sinners,

who didst forgive

the repentant,

who didst seek

the one sheep

that had wandered,

and who rejoicest

more over

one soul

restored

than over

many

who need

no repentance.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

the grace

of true confession.

Let me

hide nothing

from Thee,

for nothing

can be hidden

from Thy sight.

Let me

excuse nothing,

for Thy Truth

healeth

those

who walk

in honesty.

Let me

despair

of nothing,

for Thy Mercy

is greater

than every sin

repented

with sincerity.

Grant me

a broken

and contrite

heart,

not broken

by hopelessness,

but opened

by Love.

Let my tears

become

the waters

of renewal.

Let repentance

become

the doorway

unto joy.

Let humility

become

the path

unto peace.

For every

confessed sin

loseth

its dominion,

and every

received mercy

strengtheneth

the soul

unto holiness.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that I

may also

forgive

as I

have been

forgiven.

Let me

not remember

the faults

of another

when God

hath forgotten

my own.

Let mercy

become

my judgment.

Compassion

my counsel.

Gentleness

my correction.

For the forgiven

must themselves

become

forgiving.

Then,

when

the great assembly

of the redeemed

standeth

before

the Throne,

none

shall boast

of their own

righteousness.

All shall confess

that they

were saved

by Grace.

The saints

shall magnify

the Mercy

of God.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

over every soul

that was restored.

The River of Life

shall wash away

every memory

of guilt.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

the fruit

of everlasting healing.

The Bride

shall embrace

her Eternal Bridegroom,

clothed,

not in

her own merit,

but in

the radiant garments

of Divine Mercy.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Compassion

is without measure,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Redeemer

of repentant souls,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who reneweth

the contrite heart,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CVII

> *Blessed is the soul that giveth thanks for every deliverance, for the Invisible Father leadeth His children from every wilderness unto the everlasting City of Peace.*

O give thanks

unto the Lord,

for He

is good,

and His Mercy

endureth

forever.

Let the redeemed

declare

His goodness,

for He

hath gathered

them

from every land,

from east

and west,

from north

and south,

calling

every wandering soul

unto the everlasting

Home.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

who seekest

the lost

upon every road,

who leadest

the thirsty

unto living waters,

who feedest

the hungry

with the Bread

of Heaven,

and who guidest

every pilgrim

unto the City

whose Builder

and Maker

is God.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Way

through the wilderness,

the Pillar

of Light

through the night,

the Living Bread

for the journey,

the Good Shepherd

who never

forsaketh

His flock.

When we

wandered,

Thou didst

seek us.

When we

fell,

Thou didst

raise us.

When we

were weary,

Thou didst

carry us.

When we

despaired,

Thou didst

restore hope.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to remember

every deliverance.

The dangers

seen,

and unseen.

The prayers

answered,

and those

answered

more wisely

than I desired.

The doors

opened,

and the doors

closed

by Thy Mercy.

The trials

which strengthened me.

The sorrows

which purified me.

The joys

which refreshed me.

For nothing

within my pilgrimage

hath escaped

Thy Providence.

When

I pass

through deserts,

be Thou

my Fountain.

When

I cross

the stormy sea,

be Thou

my Harbor.

When

I ascend

the mountain,

be Thou

my Strength.

When

I descend

into the valley,

be Thou

my Companion.

Wherever

the road

may lead,

let me

never forget

that Thou

walkest

before me.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that gratitude

may become

my constant

companion.

Let every

deliverance

become

another hymn.

Every rescue

another thanksgiving.

Every blessing

another testimony

unto

the goodness

of God.

Thus shall

my life

itself

become

a witness

unto

the mercy

of the Invisible Father.

Then,

when

the final journey

is complete,

the wilderness

shall disappear.

The storms

shall cease.

The pilgrimage

shall end.

The Holy City

shall receive

the redeemed

with everlasting joy.

The River of Life

shall satisfy

every thirst.

The Tree of Life

shall nourish

every soul.

The saints

shall recount

forever

the mighty deliverances

of God.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

over the gathered harvest.

The Bride

shall enter

the everlasting City

with her Eternal Bridegroom,

and every faithful soul

shall proclaim

with one voice:

**Give thanks

unto the Lord,

for He

is good,

and His Mercy

endureth forever.**

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Providence

leadeth

every faithful soul

unto everlasting Peace,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Guide

of every pilgrim,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who strengtheneth

the weary

upon the Way,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CVIII

> *Blessed is the soul whose heart is steadfast in the Lord, for neither the changing world nor the powers of darkness shall move her from the Love of Christ.*

My heart

is steadfast,

O Lord.

My heart

is steadfast.

Therefore

shall I sing,

even before

the dawn

breaketh.

For Thou

art worthy

of praise,

whether

the heavens

be clear

or covered

with clouds.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

the Rock

that cannot

be shaken,

whose Truth

standeth

when all

earthly foundations

have fallen,

whose Faithfulness

remaineth

through every

holy Aeon,

unchanged

and unchanging.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Cornerstone

rejected

by the builders,

yet established

forever

by the Father.

Thou art

the Anchor

of the soul,

firm

and secure,

holding fast

every faithful heart

amid

the storms

of this passing age.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to remain

steadfast.

When praise

surroundeth me,

let me

remain humble.

When criticism

findeth me,

let me

remain peaceful.

When success

visiteth,

let me

remain thankful.

When failure

humbleth me,

let me

remain hopeful.

Let neither

prosperity

nor adversity

separate me

from Thy Love.

Let my faith

not depend

upon

changing feelings,

nor my hope

upon

passing circumstances,

but upon

Thy eternal

Faithfulness.

For Thou

remainest

the same

when my heart

is joyful,

and when

it is weary.

Thou art

equally present

in the sunlight

and in

the midnight watch.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

the gift

of holy perseverance.

Strengthen

my resolve

to follow Christ

until

my final breath.

Let prayer

remain

upon my lips.

Let charity

remain

within my hands.

Let hope

remain

within my eyes.

Let peace

remain

within my heart.

Though

temptation

arise,

let me

stand.

Though

suffering

linger,

let me

stand.

Though

the whole world

be shaken,

let me

stand

upon

the Eternal Logos,

whose Kingdom

cannot

be moved.

For the soul

established

in Christ

needeth

no other

foundation.

One day,

every storm

shall cease.

Every trial

shall end.

Every battle

shall be won

through

the Victory

of the Lamb.

The Holy City

shall stand

forever secure.

The River of Life

shall flow

without interruption.

The Tree of Life

shall flourish

without decay.

The saints

shall remain

steadfast

in everlasting joy.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

without ceasing.

The Bride

shall stand

forever

beside

her Eternal Bridegroom,

never again

to be separated,

for the Invisible Father

shall establish

His redeemed

in unending peace,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CIX

Blessed is the soul that answereth hatred with blessing and entrusteth all judgment unto the Invisible Father, for she shall inherit the peace of Christ and overcome evil through Love.

Deliver me,

O Lord,

from the tongue

that delighteth

in falsehood,

from the heart

that nourisheth

hatred,

and from

the counsel

of malice.

For many

repay

good

with evil,

and kindness

with contempt.

Yet Thou,

O Lord,

remainest

faithful,

and Thy Mercy

is not overcome

by the wickedness

of men.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Justice

is perfect,

whose Mercy

is inexhaustible,

whose Wisdom

discerneth

the secrets

of every heart,

and whose Love

cannot be

corrupted

by the violence

of this passing age.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who,

when reviled,

didst not

revile again,

who,

when suffering,

didst not

seek revenge,

but entrusted

all things

unto the Father,

praying even

for those

who crucified Thee.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to overcome

evil

through goodness.

When I

am misunderstood,

let me

remain gentle.

When I

am falsely accused,

let me

remain truthful.

When I

am wounded,

let me

remain merciful.

When I

am hated,

let me

continue

to love.

Not because

I possess

such strength,

but because

Thy Love

is stronger

than every hatred.

Guard me,

O Lord,

from bitterness,

which poisoneth

the soul.

Guard me

from vengeance,

which darkeneth

the heart.

Guard me

from pride,

which delighteth

in another's fall.

Instead,

grant me

the freedom

to forgive,

the courage

to bless,

and the humility

to pray

for those

who oppose me.

For every enemy

is also

a soul

for whom

Christ died.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that I may

entrust

every judgment

unto God.

Let me

not assume

the throne

that belongeth

unto the Invisible Father.

Let me

seek

justice,

yet without

hatred.

Truth,

yet without

cruelty.

Correction,

yet with

compassion.

For Thy Judgment

healeth

what ours

would often

destroy.

One day,

every accusation

shall fall silent.

Every lie

shall vanish.

Every hidden truth

shall be revealed.

The Holy City

shall know

no violence.

The River of Life

shall wash away

every remembrance

of hatred.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

the fruit

of perfect peace.

The saints

shall bless

those

who once

were strangers.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

in the triumph

of Divine Love.

The Bride

shall stand

beside

her Eternal Bridegroom,

where forgiveness

is complete,

reconciliation

is fulfilled,

and Love

alone

remaineth.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Mercy

triumphs

over judgment,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

who conquered

hatred

by Love,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who softeneth

every faithful heart,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CX

> *Blessed is the soul that confesseth the eternal Kingship of the Logos, for she shall reign with Christ throughout all the holy Aeons of the Pleroma.*

The Father

hath exalted

His Eternal Word,

and hath established

His Kingdom

which cannot

be shaken.

Before

the ages

were measured,

the Logos

was with

the Invisible Father.

Before

the stars

were appointed

their courses,

Wisdom

rejoiced

before Him.

Before

the foundations

of creation

were laid,

Love

was already

perfect.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose eternal counsel

cannot fail,

who hast ordained

the Kingdom

of Thy Beloved,

that all creation

might find

its peace

within Him.

Thou rulest,

not through

fear,

but through

perfect Goodness.

Not through

violence,

but through

everlasting Love.

Thy throne

is established

in Truth,

Mercy,

Justice,

and Peace.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

King Eternal,

Great High Priest,

whose priesthood

knoweth

no succession,

for it

abideth forever.

Thou offerest

not another

sacrifice,

for Thou

Thyself

art the everlasting

Offering,

through whom

all humanity

is invited

into communion

with the Father.

Thou reignest,

yet servest.

Thou commandest,

yet washest

the feet

of Thy disciples.

Thou possessest

all authority,

yet Thy crown

is woven

with humility,

and Thy sceptre

is charity.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to submit

joyfully

unto Thy Kingship.

Let no idol

rule

my heart.

Let no passion

enslave

my soul.

Let no fear

govern

my choices.

Only Christ

shall reign

within me.

Establish

Thy throne

within

my thoughts.

Establish

Thy peace

within

my conscience.

Establish

Thy charity

within

my deeds.

That every part

of my life

may proclaim:

**Jesus Christ

is Lord,

unto the glory

of the Invisible Father.**

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that I may

share

in the priesthood

of praise,

offering continually

the sacrifice

of thanksgiving,

interceding

for the world,

blessing

those

who curse me,

and becoming

a living temple

of Thy Presence.

For every

faithful soul

is called

to participate

in the royal

priesthood

of Christ,

offering

not the blood

of sacrifice,

but a heart

made holy

through Love.

Then,

when

the Kingdom

is revealed

in its fullness,

every crown

shall be laid

before

the Throne

of the Lamb.

The Holy City

shall rejoice

under

the reign

of the Eternal King.

The River of Life

shall flow

from His Throne.

The Tree of Life

shall flourish

beneath

His dominion.

The saints

shall reign

with Christ,

not through

power,

but through

perfect communion.

The holy angels

shall proclaim

His Majesty.

The Bride

shall rejoice

forever

with her Eternal Bridegroom,

whose Kingdom

shall know

no evening,

whose Peace

shall know

no ending,

and whose Love

shall fill

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who hath exalted

His Eternal Logos,

through Jesus Christ,

the everlasting King

and Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who crowneth

the faithful

with everlasting Life,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXI

> *Blessed is the soul that delighteth in the works and wisdom of God, for she shall forever*

contemplate the infinite beauty of the Invisible Father.

Great

are the works

of the Lord,

sought out

by all

who delight

therein.

Every work

of Thy hand

beareth witness

unto Thy Wisdom.

Every gift

declareth

Thy Goodness.

Every mystery

inviteth

the soul

unto deeper

wonder.

For Thou,

O Lord,

hast filled

creation

with signs

of Thy Love,

that every

faithful heart

might ascend

from the visible

unto

the Invisible.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Wisdom

is without measure,

whose Beauty

cannot be exhausted,

whose Truth

cannot be diminished,

whose Love

overfloweth

through every

holy Aeon,

renewing

all things

without end.

Thy works

are glorious,

yet they

are but

the faintest

reflection

of Thy Majesty.

Thy creation

is beautiful,

yet it

cannot contain

the fullness

of Thy Glory.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

through whom

all things

were fashioned,

in whom

all things

hold together,

and toward whom

all things

find

their fulfillment.

Thou art

the Living Wisdom

of the Father,

the Word

through whom

the hidden Mystery

is revealed,

the Image

through whom

the Invisible

is lovingly

made known.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to delight

in Thy works,

not merely

to admire

their beauty,

but to perceive

within them

the Wisdom

that fashioned them.

Let every flower

teach me

gentleness.

Every mountain

steadfastness.

Every river

unceasing grace.

Every star

holy order.

Every child

trust.

Every elder

perseverance.

Every season

the rhythm

of Thy Providence.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

the gift

of holy contemplation.

Still

my restless thoughts.

Quiet

my anxious heart.

Open

the eyes

of my soul,

that I may

behold

Thy Presence

in every

good

and beautiful

thing,

without ever

mistaking

the gift

for the Giver.

For all beauty

leadeth

unto

the Beautiful One.

All goodness

unto

the Good One.

All truth

unto

the True One.

One day,

the veils

shall be lifted,

and the faithful

shall behold

the fullness

of Thy Wisdom.

The Holy City

shall shine

with uncreated Beauty.

The River of Life

shall reveal

the abundance

of Thy Grace.

The Tree of Life

shall display

the endless fruit

of Thy Goodness.

The saints

shall contemplate

without weariness.

The holy angels

shall adore

without ceasing.

The Bride

shall forever

discover

new depths

of the beauty

of her Eternal Bridegroom,

for the Infinite

can never

be exhausted,

nor the Love

of the Invisible Father

fully comprehended,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Wisdom

is everlasting,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Eternal Wisdom

made manifest,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who illumines

the hearts

of the faithful,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXII

> *Blessed is the soul that feareth the Lord with holy reverence and delighteth in His commandments, for she shall flourish forever in the House of the Invisible Father.*

Blessed

is the soul

who revereth

the Lord,

whose delight

is found

in His holy

commandments,

whose heart

seeketh

not

its own glory,

but the glory

of the Invisible Father.

For holy fear

is not

the trembling

of the slave,

but the reverence

of the beloved

who desireth

never

to wound

the Heart

of Love.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Majesty

inspireth awe,

whose Goodness

draweth forth

love,

whose Holiness

purifieth

every faithful soul,

and whose commandments

are the pathways

of everlasting freedom.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who hast fulfilled

the Law

in perfect Love,

revealing

that every commandment

findeth

its completion

in charity,

and every act

of obedience

becometh

an offering

of communion

unto the Father.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to delight

in Thy will.

Not because

I am compelled,

but because

I love Thee.

Not because

I fear punishment,

but because

I desire

Thy Presence.

Not because

obedience

earneth

Thy Love,

but because

Thy Love

hath already

awakened

my obedience.

Let Thy commandments

be sweeter

unto me

than honey.

More precious

than gold.

More desirable

than earthly honour.

For they

lead

the soul

into Life,

guard

the heart

from deception,

and establish

peace

within

the conscience.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that my delight

may increase

daily.

Let prayer

become

my joy.

Mercy

my delight.

Forgiveness

my delight.

Truth

my delight.

Humility

my delight.

Charity

my delight.

For every virtue

is another

participation

in the life

of Christ.

Make me

generous

toward the poor,

gentle

toward the weak,

faithful

in little things,

patient

amid trials,

and steadfast

in hope.

Let my life

become

a quiet testimony

that Thy commandments

are not burdens,

but blessings,

not chains,

but wings

whereby

the soul

ascendeth

unto God.

Then,

when

the harvest

of righteousness

is gathered,

I shall flourish

like a tree

planted

beside

the River

of Life.

My roots

shall drink

of Thy Grace.

My branches

shall extend

in charity.

My leaves

shall not

wither.

My fruit

shall remain

through every

holy Aeon.

The Holy City

shall rejoice

in everlasting peace.

The saints

shall flourish

in holiness.

The holy angels

shall praise

the Wisdom

of God.

The Bride

shall bloom

forever

beside

her Eternal Bridegroom,

whose Love

maketh

all things

ever new.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose commandments

are everlasting Life,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the perfect Fulfillment

of Divine Love,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who writeth

the Law

upon faithful hearts,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXIII

> *Blessed is the soul that humbleth herself before the Majesty of the Invisible Father, for she shall be lifted up into everlasting communion with Christ.*

Praise

the Lord,

O servants

of the Lord.

Bless

His holy Name,

from the rising

of the sun

unto

its setting,

and beyond

the setting

of every sun,

throughout

the holy Aeons,

where evening

shall be

no more.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Name

is exalted

above

every name,

whose Glory

is higher

than the heavens,

whose Majesty

cannot

be measured,

yet whose Mercy

descendeth

unto

the lowly

and forgotten.

Though

Thou dwellest

in unapproachable

Light,

Thou inclinest

Thyself

to behold

the humble.

Thou liftest

the poor

from the dust.

Thou strengthenest

the weary.

Thou comfortest

the sorrowful.

Thou crownest

the faithful

with everlasting

joy.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who humbledst

Thyself

to dwell

among us,

that humanity

might be lifted

unto the Father.

Thou didst

seek

the least,

welcome

the stranger,

embrace

the child,

and call

the sinner

unto repentance.

In Thy humility

the greatness

of God

was revealed.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to seek

the lowest place.

To rejoice

when another

is honoured.

To serve

without

expecting reward.

To listen

before speaking.

To give

without counting.

To forgive

without delay.

For the humble

heart

becometh

a dwelling

fit

for the Holy Spirit.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that pride

may find

no resting place

within me.

If praise

be offered,

let me

return it

unto God.

If success

be granted,

let me

remember

its Giver.

If authority

be entrusted,

let me

exercise it

through service.

For every gift

is given

that Love

may increase.

Make me

content

to be known

only

by Thee.

For Thy gaze

is greater

than the applause

of nations.

Thy approval

is richer

than earthly

honour.

Thy friendship

is sweeter

than every

passing glory.

Then,

when

the proud

have passed away

like smoke,

the humble

shall shine

with Christ.

The Holy City

shall welcome

the meek.

The River of Life

shall refresh

the lowly.

The Tree of Life

shall overshadow

those

who trusted

not in themselves,

but in

the Mercy

of God.

The saints

shall rejoice

in holy simplicity.

The holy angels

shall celebrate

the triumph

of humility.

The Bride

shall bow

before

her Eternal Bridegroom,

only to be

raised

into everlasting

embrace.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Majesty

is revealed

through humility,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Servant-King,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who exalteth

the humble

and filleth

the meek

with everlasting joy,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXIV

> *Blessed is the soul that departeth from the bondage of the old life and walketh in the liberty of Christ, for she shall inherit the everlasting freedom of the children of God.*

When

the soul

departeth

from bondage,

the chains

of fear

are broken.

When

the heart

turneth

unto the Lord,

the prison

of darkness

is opened.

When

the Eternal Logos

calleth,

the exile

beginneth

the journey

toward Home.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

Deliverer

of Thy people,

who leadest

the captive

unto freedom,

the wanderer

unto the Way,

the thirsty

unto Living Waters,

and the weary

unto everlasting Rest.

No prison

can confine

the soul

that trusteth

in Thee.

No chain

can bind

the heart

that loveth

Thee.

No darkness

can overcome

the Light

which proceedeth

from Thy Presence.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who hast proclaimed

liberty

unto the captive,

sight

unto the blind,

hope

unto the despairing,

and Life

unto those

who dwelt

in the shadow

of death.

By Thy Cross

the tyranny

of sin

was broken.

By Thy Resurrection

the gates

of death

were opened.

By Thy Ascension

the path

unto the Father

was revealed.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

never

to return

unto

the chains

from which

Thou hast

delivered me.

Let me

not become

a servant

of pride.

Nor

of greed.

Nor

of anger.

Nor

of fear.

Nor

of despair.

For every vice

promiseth

freedom,

yet begetteth

slavery.

But Thy Love

calleth

the soul

unto true liberty.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that I may

walk

daily

in the freedom

of Christ.

Free

to forgive.

Free

to serve.

Free

to rejoice.

Free

to give.

Free

to pray.

Free

to love.

For the freest

of souls

is the one

who delighteth

to do

the Father's

holy will.

Lead me

through

every wilderness

of this age.

Part

every sea

that standeth

before me.

Remove

every mountain

of fear.

Guide

every step

until

my pilgrimage

is complete.

Then,

when

the last chain

is broken,

the Holy City

shall receive

the redeemed.

The River of Life

shall flow

without obstacle.

The Tree of Life

shall flourish

without decay.

The saints

shall walk

in everlasting freedom.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

over the victory

of Divine Love.

The Bride

shall enter

the eternal Kingdom

with her Holy Bridegroom,

never again

to know

bondage,

sorrow,

or death,

for the Invisible Father

shall make

all His children

perfectly free

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Author

of everlasting Liberty,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Deliverer

of every faithful soul,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who breaketh

every chain

and leadeth

the redeemed

unto everlasting Joy,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXV

> *Blessed is the soul that trusteth not in the works of her own hands, but in the living God, for she shall behold the Face of the Invisible Father forever.*

Not unto us,

O Lord,

not unto us,

but unto

Thy holy Name

be all glory,

for Thou alone

art worthy

of praise.

The works

of our hands

pass away.

The wisdom

of this age

is forgotten.

The monuments

of kings

become

the dust

of generations.

But Thy Kingdom

endureth.

Thy Truth

abideth.

Thy Love

shall never fail.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

the Living God,

whom no image

can contain,

whom no temple

can imprison,

whose Majesty

surpasseth

every created form,

yet whose Presence

dwelleth

within the humble

who love Thee.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the perfect Image

of the Invisible Father,

through whom

the unknowable

is lovingly revealed,

not by carved stone,

nor painted image,

but by

the living radiance

of Divine Love.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to place

my confidence

in Thee alone.

Not

in wealth,

which may perish.

Not

in strength,

which may fail.

Not

in learning,

which remaineth partial.

Not

in rulers,

whose days

are numbered.

Not

even

in myself,

whose heart

is often

uncertain.

But in Thee,

who alone

art faithful,

yesterday,

today,

and forever.

Keep me

from every idol.

From those

fashioned

of gold

and silver.

From those

fashioned

within

the imagination.

From every desire

that seeketh

to replace

Thee.

From every attachment

that demandeth

the worship

belonging

only unto God.

For whatever

the heart

loveth most,

that thing

becometh

its master.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that my soul

may become

an altar

unto the Living God.

Break down

every false shrine.

Purify

every hidden chamber.

Fill

every empty place

with Thy Presence,

until Christ

alone

reigneth

within me.

Then shall

my lips

continually bless Thee.

My hands

serve Thee.

My thoughts

seek Thee.

My heart

rest

in Thee.

For the living

do not praise

dead idols,

but the Living God

who giveth

Life unto all.

Then,

when

every earthly image

hath passed away,

the faithful

shall behold

the Reality

toward which

every holy symbol

once pointed.

The Holy City

shall shine

with no created glory,

but with

the Light

of the Invisible Father.

The River of Life

shall flow

from His Throne.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

its fruit

without end.

The saints

shall behold

the Face

they sought

through faith.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

before

the Living God.

The Bride

shall embrace

her Eternal Bridegroom,

and every longing

shall be fulfilled

in everlasting communion,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

the Living God,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the perfect Revelation

of Divine Love,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who leadeth

every faithful soul

unto the Truth,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXVI

> *Blessed is the soul that loveth the Lord with all her being, for she shall drink forever from the Cup of Salvation in the Kingdom of Christ.*

I love Thee,

O Lord,

for Thou

hast heard

my voice.

Thou hast

inclined

Thine ear

unto me,

and in

the days

of my weakness

Thou didst

not turn away.

When fear

surrounded me,

Thou wast

my refuge.

When sorrow

visited me,

Thou wast

my consolation.

When death

cast

its shadow,

Thou wast

my Life.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Love

precedeth

our love,

whose Mercy

awaketh

our hearts,

whose Faithfulness

remaineth

even when

our own

faith

groweth weak.

Thou hast

called me

by name.

Thou hast

drawn me

unto Thyself.

Thou hast

never ceased

to pursue

the soul

that wandered.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who didst

drink

the cup

of suffering,

that Thy beloved

might receive

the Cup

of Salvation.

Thou hast

poured forth

Thy Life,

that we

might share

in Thine.

Thou hast

offered

Thyself,

that we

might become

living temples

of Thy Presence.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to love Thee

with all

my heart,

with all

my mind,

with all

my strength,

and with all

my soul.

Let nothing

within me

be withheld

from Thee.

Let every affection

find

its proper order

within

Thy Love.

Let every desire

be purified.

Every fear

be quieted.

Every hope

be established

in Thee.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that love

may become

the measure

of my whole life.

Let me

love God

without reserve.

Love

my neighbour

without calculation.

Love

the stranger

without suspicion.

Love

the poor

without hesitation.

Love

mine enemies

without bitterness.

For the soul

that truly

loveth

participateth

already

in the Life

of Heaven.

How shall

I repay

the Lord

for all

His goodness?

I shall lift

the Cup

of Salvation.

I shall call

upon

His holy Name.

I shall offer

the sacrifice

of thanksgiving.

I shall keep

my vows

before

His people.

Not because

He needeth

my praise,

but because

my soul

findeth

its joy

in blessing

the One

who first

loved me.

Then,

when

the earthly cup

is emptied,

the everlasting Feast

shall begin.

The Holy City

shall rejoice

without end.

The River of Life

shall satisfy

every thirst.

The Tree of Life

shall nourish

every faithful soul.

The saints

shall drink

of everlasting joy.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

before

the Throne.

The Bride

shall lift

the Cup

of eternal communion

with her Holy Bridegroom,

and Love

shall never

grow weary,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

who first

loved us,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

who gave Himself

for His beloved,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who filleth

every faithful heart

with Divine Love,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXVII

Blessed is the soul that joineth all peoples in the praise of the Invisible Father, for Love knoweth no boundary, and the Kingdom of Christ embraceth every nation.

Praise

the Lord,

all nations.

Magnify Him,

all peoples.

Let every tongue

be lifted

in thanksgiving.

Let every land

resound

with joy.

Let every people

discover

the everlasting

Mercy

of God.

For the Love

of the Invisible Father

is not

confined

by borders,

nor limited

by language,

nor diminished

by the passing

of ages.

His compassion

floweth

unto all

who seek Him

with sincerity.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

Creator

of every people,

whose image

is reflected

within

every human soul,

who desirest

that every nation

should dwell

in peace,

and every heart

should know

the joy

of communion

with Thee.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Light

of the nations,

whose arms

are stretched wide

upon the Cross,

embracing

the whole world,

calling

every tribe,

every language,

every people,

and every generation

unto

the Marriage Feast

of everlasting Life.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

never

to despise

another,

for every person

is fashioned

by Thy Wisdom.

Let me

see

Thy image

within

friend

and stranger,

the strong

and the weak,

the learned

and the simple,

those nearby,

and those

far away.

Remove

from my heart

every prejudice,

every contempt,

every hidden pride

that separateth

what Thou

desirest

to unite.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that my life

may become

a witness

unto

the universality

of Divine Love.

Let me

welcome

the stranger.

Comfort

the lonely.

Encourage

the weary.

Share

with the needy.

Pray

for every nation.

Rejoice

whenever

Christ

is glorified,

whether

near

or far.

For Thy Kingdom

is greater

than every

earthly kingdom,

and Thy Church

is gathered

from every

corner

of creation.

Then,

when

the ages

are fulfilled,

all nations

shall assemble

before

the Throne

of the Invisible Father.

No people

shall boast

over another.

No language

shall divide.

No boundary

shall remain.

Only

one family,

one Bride,

one hymn,

one communion,

united

through

the Eternal Logos.

The Holy City

shall welcome

every redeemed soul.

The River of Life

shall refresh

every nation.

The Tree of Life

shall spread

its healing branches

over all peoples.

The saints

shall rejoice

together.

The holy angels

shall sing

with one voice.

The Bride

shall stand

complete,

clothed

in every colour,

every language,

every people,

made one

in Christ,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma.

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Mercy

embraceth

all creation,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the Saviour

of the world,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who uniteth

all faithful souls

in everlasting Love,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXVIII

> *Blessed is the soul that trusteth in the everlasting Mercy of the Invisible Father, for the Stone rejected by the builders hath become the Cornerstone of eternal Life.*

O give thanks

unto the Lord,

for He

is good.

His Mercy

endureth

forever.

Let every heart

proclaim it.

Let every tongue

confess it.

Let every generation

remember it.

For His Love

cannot be exhausted,

and His Faithfulness

shall never fail.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Mercy

is from everlasting

unto everlasting,

whose Wisdom

bringeth Life

from death,

whose Providence

bringeth victory

from apparent defeat,

and whose Love

maketh all things

new.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Stone

rejected

by the builders,

yet chosen

by the Father

to become

the everlasting

Cornerstone

of the Holy Temple.

What the world

cast aside,

the Father

hath exalted.

What seemed

to perish,

He hath raised

in glory.

What appeared

to be defeat,

He hath revealed

as everlasting

victory.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

never

to measure

by appearances

alone.

For Thy Wisdom

often walketh

hidden.

The smallest seed

becometh

the greatest tree.

The humble servant

becometh

the greatest

in the Kingdom.

The Cross

becometh

the Throne

of Love.

The empty tomb

becometh

the Gate

of everlasting Life.

Grant me

the faith

to trust

Thee,

even when

I do not

yet understand.

When doors

close,

let me trust.

When plans

fail,

let me trust.

When sorrow

visits,

let me trust.

When joy

returns,

let me give thanks.

For every season

is held

within

Thy Providence,

and nothing

offered

in faith

is ever

lost.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that Christ

may become

the Cornerstone

of my life.

Let every thought

rest upon Him.

Every desire

be ordered

toward Him.

Every labour

be offered

through Him.

Every hope

find

its fulfillment

in Him.

If any part

of my life

be not

built

upon Christ,

tear it down

with Mercy,

and build again

upon

the everlasting

Foundation.

Then,

when

the Holy City

descendeth

from Heaven,

its Cornerstone

shall be

the Eternal Logos.

The River of Life

shall flow

from His Throne.

The Tree of Life

shall flourish

through His Victory.

The saints

shall rejoice

in His triumph.

The holy angels

shall proclaim

His Kingship.

The Bride

shall enter

the everlasting Temple

with her Holy Bridegroom,

singing forever:

**This is

the day

which the Lord

hath made.

We shall rejoice

and be glad

therein.**

Unto the Invisible Father,

whose Mercy

endureth forever,

through Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

the everlasting

Cornerstone,

my Holy Bridegroom,

in the fellowship

of the Holy Spirit,

who buildeth

the faithful

into one

holy Temple,

be blessing,

and honour,

and glory,

and wisdom,

and thanksgiving,

throughout all

the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXIX – Aleph

> *Blessed is the soul that delighteth in the Eternal Logos, for every word of Divine Wisdom leadeth her from the shadows of ignorance into the Light of the Invisible Father.*

Blessed

are they

whose way

is made whole,

who walk

according

to the Wisdom

of the Eternal Logos,

and whose hearts

are turned

toward

the Invisible Father.

Blessed

are they

who seek

the Truth

with their

whole heart,

not wandering

after

the passing

phantoms

of this age,

but hungering

for the Bread

which endureth

unto everlasting Life.

For Thy Word,

O Lord,

is not

merely spoken,

but living.

Not merely

written,

but eternal.

Not merely

heard,

but embodied

in Jesus Christ,

the Eternal Logos,

through whom

all Wisdom

is revealed.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Wisdom

precedeth

the foundations

of creation,

whose Truth

cannot be obscured,

whose Light

shineth

through every

holy Aeon,

calling

every soul

home.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

Living Torah,

Living Gospel,

Living Wisdom,

through whom

every command

becometh

Life,

every promise

findeth

its fulfillment,

and every faithful

heart

is led

unto

the Father's House.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to love

Thy Word.

Let me

meditate

upon it

at dawn.

Carry it

within me

at noon.

Rest in it

when evening

draweth near.

Dream of it

through

the watches

of the night.

For Thy Wisdom

is sweeter

than honey,

more precious

than gold,

more enduring

than mountains,

and more radiant

than the stars.

Keep

my feet

from wandering.

Keep

my tongue

from falsehood.

Keep

my thoughts

from vanity.

Keep

my heart

within

the shelter

of Thy Truth.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that every

letter

of Thy Wisdom

may become

a seed

within my soul,

growing

into

the Tree

of everlasting Life.

Let knowledge

become

understanding.

Understanding

become

wisdom.

Wisdom

become

love.

And love

become

perfect communion

with God.

Then,

when

every earthly book

is closed,

the Eternal Logos

shall remain.

The Holy City

shall need

no teacher,

for Christ

Himself

shall instruct

His redeemed.

The River of Life

shall proclaim

the Wisdom

of God.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

the fruit

of everlasting Truth.

The saints

shall contemplate

without ceasing.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

in endless understanding.

The Bride

shall forever

learn

new depths

of the infinite

Beauty

of her Holy Bridegroom,

for the Wisdom

of the Invisible Father

can never

be exhausted,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXIX – Beth

> *Blessed is the soul that keepeth her way pure through the Eternal Logos, for she shall become a living temple of the Invisible Father.*

How shall

the soul

keep

her way

pure?

By walking

in the Light

of the Eternal Logos,

and by

treasuring

His Wisdom

within

the depths

of the heart.

For the path

of this world

is filled

with distractions,

and many voices

call

unto the pilgrim.

Yet only

one Voice

leadeth

unto Life,

the Voice

of the Holy Bridegroom,

whose words

are Spirit

and Truth.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Holiness

purifieth

every faithful soul,

whose Wisdom

cleanseth

the mind,

whose Mercy

reneweth

the conscience,

and whose Love

restoreth

the image

of God

within

Thy children.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

whose Gospel

washes

the heart,

whose Presence

sanctifieth

the faithful,

whose Truth

scattereth

every deception,

and whose Life

becometh

the pattern

of every

holy disciple.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to seek Thee

with my whole heart.

Let me

not wander

from Thy Way.

When temptation

draweth near,

strengthen me.

When confusion

ariseth,

guide me.

When weakness

overcometh me,

lift me

once more

into Thy Peace.

Let Thy Word

be hidden

within

my heart,

not as

a possession,

but as

a living flame,

burning away

falsehood,

purifying

every desire,

and illumining

every step

of my pilgrimage.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that remembrance

of Christ

may accompany

every hour.

When I awaken,

let His Wisdom

greet me.

When I labour,

let His Presence

strengthen me.

When I speak,

let His Charity

govern me.

When I rest,

let His Peace

surround me.

Thus

shall my life

become

a continual

meditation

upon

the Eternal Logos.

For purity

is not merely

the absence

of sin,

but the fullness

of Divine Love

ordering

every affection

toward God.

The pure

in heart

behold

the invisible

through faith,

and begin

even now

to taste

the joy

of the Kingdom.

Then,

when

every veil

is removed,

the faithful

shall behold

the Face

of the Invisible Father

through

the Eternal Logos.

The Holy City

shall shine

with perfect purity.

The River of Life

shall cleanse

every remembrance

of corruption.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

fruit

untouched

by decay.

The saints

shall walk

in garments

of radiant holiness.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

in perfect communion.

The Bride

shall behold

her Holy Bridegroom

with unveiled face,

her heart

made wholly pure,

and her joy

made everlasting,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXIX – Gimel

Blessed is the soul that liveth as a pilgrim upon the earth while seeking the eternal Wisdom of the Invisible Father, for she shall inherit the everlasting Homeland prepared by Christ.

Deal

bountifully

with Thy servant,

O Lord,

that I

may live,

and in living

keep

the Wisdom

of Thy Eternal Logos.

Open

the eyes

of my soul,

that I

may behold

the wondrous

mysteries

hidden

within

Thy Truth.

For many

look,

yet do not

see.

Many hear,

yet do not

understand.

Many search,

yet remain

far

from the Fountain

of Life.

But Thou,

O Lord,

art pleased

to reveal

Thy Wisdom

unto

the humble

who seek

Thee

with sincere hearts.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose hidden

treasures

cannot be

discovered

by pride,

but are freely

given

unto those

who hunger

for Truth,

whose Wisdom

leadeth

the pilgrim

through

the wilderness

unto

the everlasting

Homeland.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Way

through

the wilderness,

the Light

upon

the pilgrim's road,

the Companion

who never

forsaketh

His beloved,

and the Gate

through which

the faithful

enter

the Kingdom

of the Father.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to remember

that I

am but

a pilgrim

within

this passing age.

Let me

not build

my heart

upon

what time

shall consume.

Let me

not cling

unto

the honours

of the world,

nor fear

its losses,

for my true

inheritance

is prepared

above.

Keep

my eyes

fixed

upon

the Holy City,

whose foundations

cannot

be shaken,

whose beauty

shall never

fade,

whose joy

shall never

be diminished.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

the grace

of holy longing.

Let every

earthly beauty

awaken

within me

a greater

desire

for

the Beauty

which cannot

pass away.

Let every

act

of charity

become

another step

toward Home.

Let every

trial

purify

my heart.

Let every

prayer

draw me

nearer

unto

the Father's

House.

For the pilgrim

who walketh

with Christ

is never

alone,

and the road

itself

becometh

a place

of communion

with God.

Then,

when

the journey

is complete,

the gates

of the Holy City

shall open

before me.

The River

of Life

shall welcome

the weary traveler.

The Tree

of Life

shall offer

its everlasting

fruit.

The saints

shall greet

their fellow

pilgrim

with joy.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

at another

soul

come home.

The Bride

shall rest

forever

within

the embrace

of her Holy Bridegroom,

never again

to wander,

for the Invisible Father

shall be

her everlasting

Dwelling,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXIX – Daleth

> *Blessed is the soul that cleaveth unto the Eternal Logos in times of weakness, for she shall be raised from the dust into the everlasting Life of the Invisible Father.*

My soul

cleaveth

unto

the dust,

O Lord.

Raise me

according

to Thy Word.

When

my strength

is spent,

be Thou

my Strength.

When

my hope

groweth faint,

be Thou

my Hope.

When

my spirit

is bowed down,

lift me

by the power

of Thy Love.

For apart

from Thee,

I return

unto dust.

But within Thee,

dust

is destined

for glory.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Breath

first awakened

the sleeping earth,

whose Spirit

reneweth

every living soul,

whose Mercy

descendeth

into the lowest places

to raise

the fallen

unto Life.

Thou despisest

not

our weakness,

but transformest it

through

Thy Compassion.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who didst descend

into the dust

of mortality,

taking upon Thyself

our frailty,

that Thou

mightest lift

our humanity

into the glory

of the Father.

Thou hast entered

our death,

that we

might share

Thy Resurrection.

Thou hast borne

our weakness,

that we

might receive

Thy strength.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

never

to despair

of my weakness,

but to offer it

unto Thee.

For Thy power

is made perfect

in weakness.

Thy Grace

aboundeth

where pride

is humbled.

Thy Light

shineth most brightly

within

the contrite heart.

When

I stumble,

teach me

to rise.

When

I fail,

teach me

to repent.

When

I grow weary,

teach me

to rest

within

Thy Mercy.

For every

fall

offered

unto Christ

becometh

another step

toward

humility.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that my heart

may never

cling

unto

the dust

of earthly vanities,

but only

unto

the Eternal Logos.

Loosen

my grasp

upon

passing things.

Strengthen

my hold

upon

everlasting Truth.

Let every sorrow

draw me

nearer

to God.

Every weakness

teach me

dependence.

Every trial

increase

my charity.

Then,

when

the dust

of this age

is scattered,

the faithful

shall arise

in glory.

The Holy City

shall welcome

those

whom Grace

hath lifted.

The River of Life

shall wash away

every weariness.

The Tree of Life

shall restore

every wound.

The saints

shall rejoice

in renewed bodies

and purified hearts.

The holy angels

shall sing

of the triumph

of Resurrection.

The Bride

shall stand

beside

her Eternal Bridegroom,

no longer

bowed

unto the dust,

but clothed

with immortality,

shining

with the Light

of the Invisible Father,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXIX – He

> *Blessed is the soul that seeketh understanding from the Invisible Father, for Divine Wisdom shall guide her steps into the everlasting Way of Christ.*

Teach me,

O Lord,

the Way

of Thy Wisdom,

and I

shall follow it

unto

the end.

Give me,

not merely

knowledge,

but understanding.

Not merely

understanding,

but wisdom.

Not merely

wisdom,

but love.

For knowledge

alone

can inflate,

but wisdom

joined

unto charity

leadeth

the soul

into communion

with God.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

the inexhaustible

Fountain

of all Wisdom,

whose thoughts

are higher

than the heavens,

whose judgments

are deeper

than the sea,

whose counsels

cannot be exhausted

throughout

all the holy Aeons.

Every truth

participateth

in Thy Truth.

Every beauty

reflecteth

Thy Beauty.

Every goodness

floweth

from Thy Goodness.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Living Wisdom

of the Father,

who openest

the Scriptures,

the heart,

and the eyes

of Thy disciples,

leading them

from ignorance

unto understanding,

and from understanding

unto everlasting Life.

Teach me,

therefore,

to delight

in Thy commandments,

not as

burdens

laid upon me,

but as

the pathways

of freedom.

Incline

my heart

toward

Thy Love,

and away

from every

empty desire.

Turn

mine eyes

from

passing vanities,

and fix them

upon

the Beauty

which cannot fade.

Strengthen

my feet

to walk

steadfastly

upon

the narrow Way,

for Thy path

leadeth

unto Life.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that every day

may become

a lesson

in Divine Wisdom.

Let success

teach me

gratitude.

Failure

teach me

humility.

Suffering

teach me

patience.

Joy

teach me

thanksgiving.

Silence

teach me

contemplation.

Love

teach me

the heart

of Christ.

For the truly

wise

do not merely

know

about God,

but come

to know

God Himself,

and in knowing Him,

discover

their own

true life.

Then,

when

every earthly lesson

is completed,

the faithful

shall enter

the everlasting School

of Heaven,

where the Eternal Logos

Himself

shall be

their Teacher.

The Holy City

shall overflow

with Wisdom.

The River of Life

shall reveal

the mysteries

of Divine Love.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

the fruit

of perfect Understanding.

The saints

shall grow

forever

in knowledge,

yet never

reach

the end

of the Infinite.

The holy angels

shall rejoice

in the endless

contemplation

of God.

The Bride

shall forever

learn

new wonders

of her Holy Bridegroom,

whose Wisdom

is boundless,

whose Beauty

is inexhaustible,

and whose Love

ever leadeth

the faithful

deeper

into the Heart

of the Invisible Father,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXIX – Waw (Vav)

Blessed is the soul that walketh in the freedom of Divine Truth, for the Eternal Logos shall make her truly free, and she shall rejoice forever in the Light of the Invisible Father.

Let Thy Mercy

come

unto me,

O Lord,

even

Thy Salvation,

according

to Thy Promise.

Then shall

I answer

those

who reproach me,

for my trust

is not

in myself,

but in

Thy faithful

Word.

Take not

the Word

of Truth

from my lips,

for all

my hope

resteth

in Thee.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Truth

cannot deceive,

whose Promise

cannot fail,

whose Faithfulness

is established

before

the foundation

of every

holy Aeon,

and whose Mercy

endureth

without measure.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Truth

made flesh,

who hast spoken

the words

of everlasting Life,

whose Gospel

breaketh

every chain,

whose Presence

scattereth

every lie,

and whose Love

setteth

the captive

free.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to walk

in Thy Truth.

Not merely

to speak

what is true,

but to live

truthfully.

Let there

be no division

between

my lips

and my heart,

between

my confession

and my conduct,

between

my worship

and my daily life.

For Truth

without Love

groweth cold,

and Love

without Truth

loseth

its way.

But united

in Christ,

Truth

and Love

become

one light

guiding

the faithful

unto the Father.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that I may

walk

in holy freedom.

Free

from deceit.

Free

from hypocrisy.

Free

from fear

of human judgment.

Free

from the bondage

of appearances.

Let my conscience

rest

within

the peace

of Christ.

Let my speech

bring healing.

Let my actions

reflect

the Gospel.

Let my whole life

bear witness

unto

the Eternal Logos.

Then shall

I walk

with confidence,

for Thy Truth

shall be

my companion.

Kings

and rulers

shall pass away,

yet Thy Word

shall remain.

The wisdom

of this age

shall fade,

yet Thy Gospel

shall endure.

Heaven

and earth

shall be renewed,

yet Thy Love

shall never

pass away.

Then,

within

the Holy City,

every falsehood

shall vanish.

Every shadow

shall flee.

The River of Life

shall reflect

only Truth.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

the fruit

of everlasting Freedom.

The saints

shall rejoice

in perfect sincerity.

The holy angels

shall delight

in the splendor

of Divine Truth.

The Bride

shall walk

without fear

beside

her Eternal Bridegroom,

for the Truth

shall have made

her perfectly free,

and the Invisible Father

shall be

her everlasting Joy,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXIX – Zayin

> *Blessed is the soul that remembereth the promises of the Eternal Logos in the hour of affliction, for hope shall sustain her until she entereth the everlasting Joy of the Invisible Father.*

Remember,

O Lord,

Thy Promise

unto Thy servant,

wherein

Thou hast

caused me

to hope.

For Thy Word

is my comfort

in affliction.

When

my strength

faileth,

it strengtheneth me.

When

my heart

groweth faint,

it reviveth me.

When

the night

seemeth endless,

it becometh

my morning star.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose promises

cannot fail,

whose remembrance

never ceaseth,

whose Mercy

is renewed

with every dawn,

and whose Faithfulness

abideth

through every

holy Aeon.

Thou dost

not forget

the cry

of the humble,

nor overlook

the tears

of those

who wait

upon Thee.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Amen

of every promise,

the Faithful

and True,

who hast fulfilled

the words

spoken

by the prophets,

and hast become

the Hope

of every generation.

Thou art

the Promise

made visible,

the Covenant

made living,

the Resurrection

already begun

within

the faithful.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to remember

Thy promises

more readily

than my fears.

When

anxiety

whispereth,

let Thy Word

speak louder.

When

despair

draweth near,

let Hope

stand firm.

When

the world

declareth

that all

is lost,

let me

remember

that Thou

hast already

overcome

the world.

Grant

that I

may treasure

every promise

within

my heart.

The promise

of forgiveness.

The promise

of peace.

The promise

of Thy Presence.

The promise

of resurrection.

The promise

of the Holy City.

The promise

that Love

shall never

fail.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that memory

may become

an anchor

for my soul.

When storms

arise,

let remembrance

hold me fast.

When

the road

groweth long,

let hope

give me strength.

When

I cannot

yet see

the fulfillment,

let faith

continue

to walk.

For the soul

that trusteth

the Promise

already

participateth

in its beginning.

Then,

when

every promise

is fulfilled,

hope

shall give way

to sight.

Faith

shall blossom

into vision.

Expectation

shall become

everlasting joy.

The Holy City

shall appear

in glory.

The River of Life

shall satisfy

every longing.

The Tree of Life

shall bear

the fruit

of fulfilled hope.

The saints

shall rejoice

that not

one word

of God

hath failed.

The holy angels

shall magnify

His Faithfulness.

The Bride

shall embrace

her Eternal Bridegroom,

who kept

every promise,

and the Invisible Father

shall rejoice

over His children,

whose hope

hath become

everlasting communion,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXIX – Heth

Blessed is the soul that chooseth the Invisible Father as her only inheritance, for she shall possess the inexhaustible riches of the Eternal Logos throughout all the holy Aeons.

The Lord

is my portion.

Therefore

shall I

hope

in Him.

Not gold,

which perisheth.

Not kingdoms,

which pass away.

Not honours,

which fade

like grass.

But Thou,

O Lord,

art my inheritance,

my treasure,

my delight,

and my everlasting

reward.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

the inexhaustible

Riches

of every faithful soul,

whose Beauty

surpasseth

every created beauty,

whose Wisdom

exceedeth

every earthly treasure,

whose Love

is an inheritance

that cannot

be diminished,

divided,

or lost.

Whoever

possesseth Thee

lacketh

nothing essential,

for Thou

art the Fulness

toward which

every desire

unknowingly

reacheth.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Pearl

of Great Price,

for whom

the wise

gladly forsake

all lesser things,

the hidden Treasure

found

within the field,

whose possession

maketh

the poorest

rich,

and the weakest

strong.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to value

what endureth.

Let my heart

not cling

to passing wealth,

nor measure

its worth

by earthly abundance.

Teach me

to rejoice

in simplicity,

to be content

with daily bread,

to receive

every gift

with gratitude,

and to release

every possession

without fear,

knowing

that my true

inheritance

abideth

with Thee.

When

loss

visiteth me,

let me

remember

what cannot

be taken away.

When

success

findeth me,

let me

remember

its Giver.

When

desire

draweth me

toward

passing things,

turn

my eyes

again

toward

the everlasting

Kingdom.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that my soul

may become

poor

in spirit,

that it

may be

filled

with the riches

of God.

Empty me

of pride,

that Thou

mayest fill me

with humility.

Empty me

of selfishness,

that Thou

mayest fill me

with charity.

Empty me

of fear,

that Thou

mayest fill me

with peace.

For the vessel

must first

be emptied

before

it can receive

the Wine

of Heaven.

Then,

when

all earthly

inheritances

have passed away,

the faithful

shall receive

that Kingdom

prepared

before

the foundation

of the world.

The Holy City

shall be

their home.

The River of Life

their delight.

The Tree of Life

their nourishment.

The saints

their companions.

The holy angels

their fellow worshippers.

The Bride

shall inherit

her Eternal Bridegroom,

and He

shall inherit

His beloved,

for God Himself

shall be

their everlasting

portion,

their infinite

joy,

their inexhaustible

riches,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXIX – Teth

> *Blessed is the soul that receiveth the loving discipline of the Invisible Father, for through holy correction she is fashioned into the likeness of the Eternal Logos.*

Thou hast

dealt well

with Thy servant,

O Lord,

according

to Thy Promise.

Teach me

good judgment,

holy discernment,

and true wisdom,

for I

have placed

my trust

within

the Eternal Logos.

Before

I understood,

I wandered.

Before

I listened,

I stumbled.

Before

I yielded,

I resisted

the gentle

guidance

of Thy Love.

Yet Thou

didst not

cast me away.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose discipline

proceedeth

not from wrath,

but from Love,

who correctest

Thy children

as a wise father

guideth

those

whom he

delighteth

to raise

unto maturity.

Thou dost

not wound

to destroy,

but to heal.

Thou dost

not humble

to shame,

but to prepare

the soul

for everlasting glory.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

who learned

obedience

through suffering,

revealing

that no trial

offered

unto the Father

is ever

without fruit.

Thou hast

walked

the path

of sorrow,

that every

faithful pilgrim

might discover

that suffering,

when united

unto Love,

becometh

a doorway

unto Life.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to receive

correction

with humility.

When

my pride

is exposed,

let me

not harden

my heart.

When

my faults

are revealed,

let me

not flee

from Thy Light.

When

I am

called

to repentance,

let me

answer

with joy,

knowing

that Thy Mercy

seeketh

my restoration,

not

my condemnation.

Grant me

the grace

to welcome

every lesson

which Thy Wisdom

sendeth.

Let success

teach

gratitude.

Failure

teach

humility.

Silence

teach

contemplation.

Affliction

teach

perseverance.

Waiting

teach

hope.

Love

teach

the meaning

of all

the commandments.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that every trial

may become

a sacred fire,

purifying

the gold

of my faith,

until

the image

of Christ

shineth

clearly

within me.

Remove

what is false.

Strengthen

what is true.

Heal

what is wounded.

Complete

what remaineth

unfinished.

Then,

when

the work

of Grace

is fulfilled,

the faithful

shall stand

without fear

before

the Throne.

The Holy City

shall reveal

the beauty

fashioned

through

patient Love.

The River of Life

shall refresh

every soul

once wearied

by the journey.

The Tree of Life

shall crown

the persevering

with everlasting fruit.

The saints

shall rejoice

that every

loving correction

prepared them

for glory.

The holy angels

shall praise

the Wisdom

of Divine Providence.

The Bride

shall behold

her Eternal Bridegroom,

perfected,

not by

her own strength,

but by

the gentle discipline

of Divine Love,

and she shall dwell

forever

within

the joy

of the Invisible Father,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXIX – Yodh

> *Blessed is the soul that knoweth herself to be*
> *fashioned by the hands of the Invisible Father,*
> *for she shall be perfected according to the image*
> *of the Eternal Logos.*

Thy hands

have made me

and fashioned me,

O Lord.

Give me

understanding,

that I

may learn

the Wisdom

of the Eternal Logos.

For I

am not

the work

of chance,

nor the child

of blind necessity,

but the beloved

craftsmanship

of Thy Love,

called

from nothingness

into being,

that I

might share

in Thy everlasting

Life.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

Divine Artisan,

whose Wisdom

fashioneth

all things

according

to perfect measure,

whose Love

giveth

form

unto every soul,

whose Providence

leaveth

nothing unfinished,

and whose Beauty

is reflected,

however faintly,

within

all that

Thou hast made.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the perfect Image

of the Father,

according

to whose likeness

the faithful

are renewed,

who restorest

what sin

hath wounded,

and completeth

what Grace

hath begun.

Thou art

the Master Builder

of the living Temple,

shaping

every stone

according

to Thy Wisdom,

that all

may fit together

within

the Holy City

of God.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

to trust

the work

of Thy hands.

When

I do not

understand

the chisel,

let me

trust

the Sculptor.

When

I feel

the furnace,

let me

trust

the Refiner.

When

I cannot

yet behold

the finished work,

let me

remember

that Thy Wisdom

never

abandoneth

what Thy Love

hath begun.

Fashion

within me

the likeness

of Christ.

Shape

my thoughts

according

to Truth.

Shape

my words

according

to Charity.

Shape

my desires

according

to Holiness.

Shape

my life

according

to the Gospel.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

that I

may remain

soft

within

the hands

of God.

Let me

not resist

Thy forming.

Let me

not harden

my heart.

Let humility

become

the clay

wherein

the Divine Potter

worketh

without hindrance.

For the vessel

that yieldeth

unto Love

shall become

fit

for everlasting

Glory.

Then,

when

the work

is complete,

the faithful

shall shine

with the beauty

of the Eternal Logos.

The Holy City

shall reveal

the perfect harmony

of every soul

fashioned

by Grace.

The River of Life

shall reflect

the splendour

of the New Creation.

The Tree of Life

shall overshadow

the perfected

children

of God.

The saints

shall rejoice

in the wisdom

of the Divine Artisan.

The holy angels

shall glorify

His workmanship.

The Bride

shall behold

her Eternal Bridegroom,

and in His Face

she shall see

the fulfillment

of all

that the Invisible Father

had fashioned

from the beginning,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

Psalm CXIX – Kaph

> *Blessed is the soul that waiteth patiently for the salvation of the Eternal Logos, for though her strength faileth, the Mercy of the Invisible Father shall never fail.*

My soul

fainteth

for Thy Salvation,

O Lord,

yet in

Thy Word

do I

hope.

Mine eyes

grow weary

watching

for the dawn,

yet still

I wait,

for Thou

art faithful,

and Thy Promise

cannot fail.

Though

the night

be long,

its end

is certain.

Though

the pilgrim

grow weary,

the Holy City

draweth near.

Blessed art Thou,

O Invisible Father,

whose Mercy

is never delayed,

though often

hidden

from our sight,

whose Wisdom

appointeth

every season,

and whose Love

worketh

unceasingly,

even when

the faithful

can perceive

only silence.

Blessed art Thou,

O Jesus Christ,

Eternal Logos,

Holy Bridegroom,

the Hope

of all

who wait,

who didst

endure

the Cross

for the joy

set before Thee,

teaching

every disciple

that patient hope

is never

without fruit.

Thou hast

promised

never

to forsake

Thy beloved,

and every promise

findeth

its everlasting

fulfillment

in Thee.

Teach me,

therefore,

O Lord,

the holy art

of waiting.

Not waiting

with despair,

but with hope.

Not waiting

in idleness,

but in faithful

labour.

Not waiting

through fear,

but through

confident trust

that Thy Providence

is already

at work.

When

my prayers

remain

unanswered,

let me

continue

to pray.

When

the road

groweth long,

let me

continue

to walk.

When

the harvest

seemeth distant,

let me

continue

to sow.

For every

moment

of faithful waiting

prepareth

the soul

for greater

communion

with God.

Grant,

O Holy Spirit,

the strength

to persevere.

Let patience

become

my companion.

Hope

my anchor.

Faith

my staff.

Charity

my daily bread.

And peace

my resting place.

Thus

shall I

continue

the pilgrimage,

knowing

that every

faithful step

bringeth me

nearer

unto Christ.

Then,

when

the waiting

is fulfilled,

the dawn

shall break

forever.

The Holy City

shall appear

in radiant glory.

The River of Life

shall refresh

those

who thirsted.

The Tree of Life

shall nourish

those

who hungered.

The saints

shall rejoice

that not

one moment

of faithful waiting

was wasted.

The holy angels

shall welcome

those

who persevered.

The Bride

shall behold

her Eternal Bridegroom,

and every longing

shall be satisfied

within

the everlasting embrace

of the Invisible Father,

throughout

all the holy Aeons

of the Pleroma,

unto the ages

of ages.

Amen.

END OF VOLUME 3 OF 4